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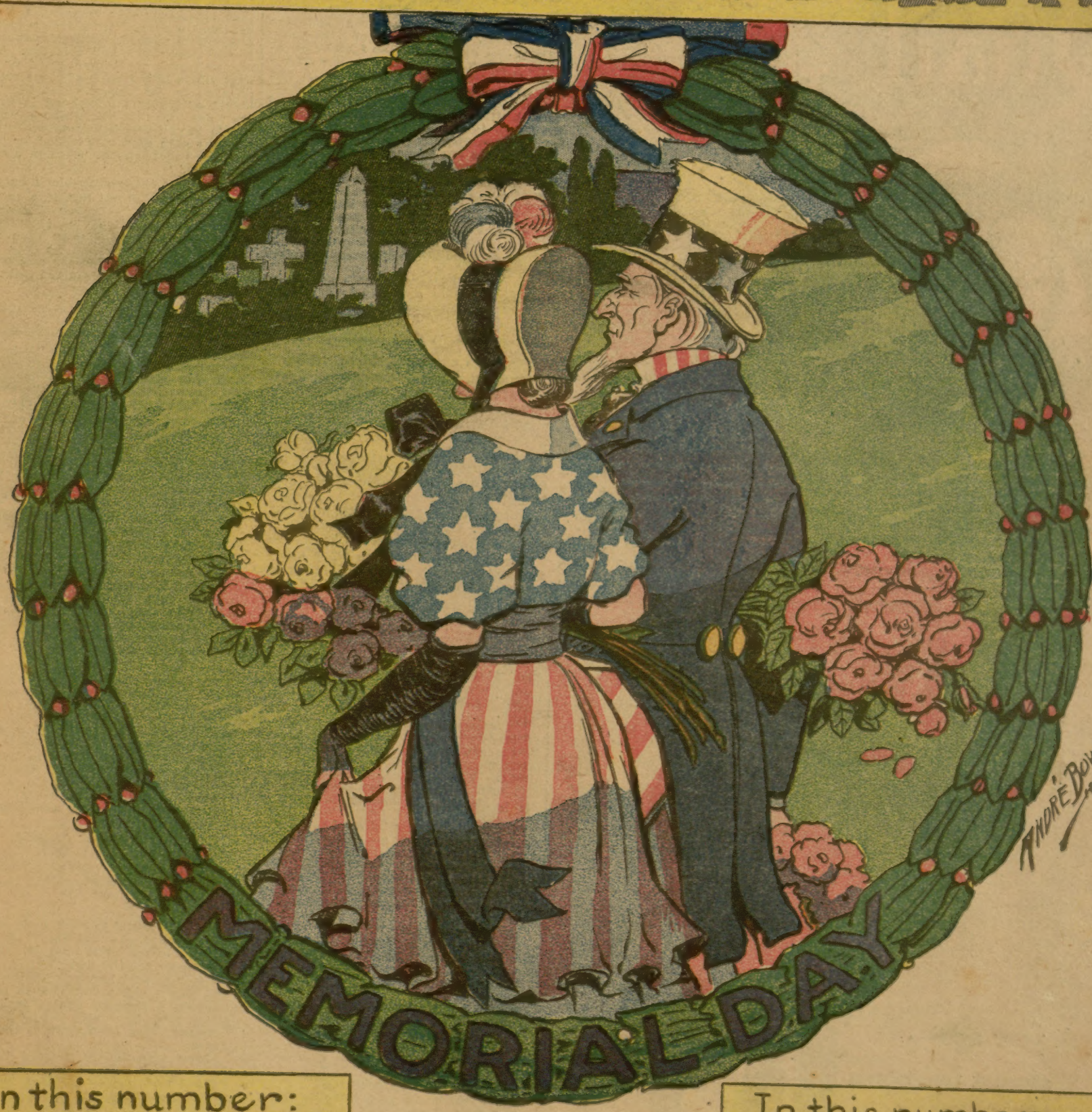

In this number:
A Powerful
Memorial Day Story

In this number:
An Intriguing
Mystery Story

CHICAGO LEDGER

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Little Odd Story of the Week—No. 22

"YA CAN'T sit on the stairs with me, Tony. Ya can't! Leggo my arm," insisted Maymee. "I gotta go an' pay the landlady my rent. I'm allus a week behind. If I don't come in the minute I gits my pay, on Saturday noon, she comes up an' jaws me." Maymee's gray eyes flashed with resentment. She advanced several steps along the narrow, shabby hall toward a partly opened door to the rear of the staircase. "An' I gotta mend my skirt. I tore it on the machine this mornin'."

"You likes me, Maymee?"

"Yes, I like you, Toney, if ya ain't American, an' can't talk good United States," she answered, with a smile.

Tony's dark boyish face quivered with a world of devotion. "Maymee, I——"

"Aw, cut it out," she sighed. "Don't start follerin' me 'round again. I won't hook up with ya, Tony." She lowered her voice. "Cookin' over a gaslight fer two is worse'n fer one! I tol' ya that a hundred times. I ain't gonna listen to ya!"

"Maymee! You listen never when I try tell. Maymee, please! When I sall my fruit stan' I go——"

"Goo'-by, Tony." Once more she attempted to reach the door leading into the landlady's kitchen.

"Oh, Maymee, never I pay rent no more. I——"

She paused, her hand suspended toward the knob, her little, slender form tense. "The cops gonna git ya? Ya goin' to jail!"

"No, no, I got house, Maymee. I own heem." His voice squeaked in his exultation.

An expression of wide astonishment dawned in her eyes, and then disappeared in incredulity. "Ya don't know what 'own' means, Tony."

"Sure I own house. Make heem mysel'. An' little piece of land. Oh, fine place, Maymee. I am plant grape, an' ——"

"Cut out the fairy tales. I can tell ya, no feller's gonna git me with a liné a hot gush. The truth fer me."

Tony's sturdy, brown-clad form straightened. He raised his hands and eyes in vow-like attitude toward the cracked ceiling. "Sure! I make 'em mysel'!"

"What ya make?"

"My fine house, Maymee. Marry me. You can have. All furn'tur'—all ever' thin'."

"Ya mean ya got a house in the country that ya own?"

Words failed him; he nodded his head in violent acquiescence.

"Ya never hafta pay rent? An' nobody kin put ya out? An' furnished?"

He clasped his hands emotionally. "Sure. Sure!"

"An' ya wantta marry me?"

"Aw, Maymee, I walk hand on feet!"

"Ya sure ya ain't lyin' to me, Tony?"

"Oh, not lie. I save—save—I sall stan'. Get land. Make fine house. Fix fer you, Maymee. Nice lace on winder. My sester sen'—I write—tell my house."

"I guess ya ain't lyin', Tony, an'——"

"Marry me, now, Maymee, pleese!"

"I sure like ya, Tony, if ya ain't American. Aw, Gawd, nothin' but work fer eats an' rent," she ruminated, unconsciously running her fingers over the clawed plaid of her skirt. "A house in the country!" Suddenly a soft pink that made her pretty beat into her cheeks. "Sit down on the step, Tony," she whispered, "till I put on my glad rags."

"Maymee——" With a rush of feeling, he extended his arms.

She pushed him gently aside, and patted his shoulder. "Wait 'till we git in our own house, Tony,"—she pitched her voice unnecessarily loud—"where there won't be nobody snoopin' 'round."

She rapped at the partly opened door. "Here's your rent, Mrs. Topins." There was a grumbling reply, a hand grasped the money, and the door was slammed.

Maymee sped lightly up the rickety stairs and Tony leaned against the baluster and sank into a rapturous dream. When she reappeared, she wore a blue serge dress and a coquettish blue velvet cap on her straw-colored hair. She carried an ample cloth handbag.

Tony regarded her with excited admiration, relieved her of the handbag, and closed the door after them into the October sunshine.

AN HOUR later when they emerged from Justice Smith's rooms in San Francisco, Tony, beaming in Latin rapture, was scarcely able to find the sidewalk, teeming with a chattering crowd. "Come," he said in tones that trembled with love, drawing her arm closer, "we go eat swell place."

"No, Tony," she declined. "What kindda stove ya got? Gas?"

"Gas? Country? No, no. Wood. Make mysel'. Tree ever'where."

"O-oh, great! Oven?"

"Sure."

"It'll be grand to cook a dinner in our own kitchen on a real stove." She giggled with joyous anticipation. "Hurry. Where we git the car, Tony?"

After several hours journey by trolley and jitney and a walk on an ascending road in a canyon, cultivated here and there, with hazy blue mountains in the distance, they drew near to their destination.

Tony tremulously pressed his wife's hand, and motioned to a mass of juniper twined with poison oak and wild roses. "Back tree', Maymee, you see house."

They dipped into a hollow, fragrant with the perfume of the roses, pushed aside some branches and came within a dozen feet of a tiny, rough shack. It was a rough shack with a touch of soul; Tony had felled trees and had fashioned a pergola across the front.

Immovable Maymee stood for a moment, her lips apart, her eyes staring.

(Concluded on Page 25.)

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Is This Your Type?

By MARIE LA ROQUE

Have You Napoleon's Eye?

THE gray or steel blue eye that at times looks black—that was the eye possessed by the two greatest conquerors of history, Julius Caesar and Napoleon Bonaparte. As you turn the pages of the lives of famous men and women you will find that there were quite a number more who had this black-gray eye—so many, in fact, that you might almost conclude that there was some association between an eye of this sort and superior mental endowments, especially of the aggressive sort.

Among great men whose eyes are described as gray, you may find the names of Michael Angelo, Browning, Carnegie, Coleridge, Columbus, Ibsen, Thomas Jefferson, Milton, Tolstoy, Tennyson and George Washington, whose eye is described as "mixed gray." Doubtless there were times when the gray eyes of the father of his country looked as black with the fire of determination as ever did those of Napoleon or Caesar.

If you should analyze this Napoleonic eye—this eye that is so often to be found in the heads of men who hold commanding positions in the world's affairs—you will see that the orb itself is gray. The impression of darkness is something that comes with the placing of the eye in the eye socket, the contour of the lids, lashes and brows, and the facial expression. Often the darkness is due to the fact that the pupil is fairly large and the eye luminous—for the man of genius or ability usually does have eyes that are brilliant. And so it may happen that two gray eyes of the same degree of pigmentation may appear quite different. The one belonging to a man or woman possessing force of character, deep purpose, mental alertness and powers of concentration will look dark, extremely dark at times, as did Caesar's and Napoleon's. But the same eye in the head of the man who takes things as they come, the man who dreams rather than acts, this eye will remain simply gray.

You may find women with gray eyes praised by poets and occasionally they

Napoleonic Eye.

appear on the canvasses of the great painters; but the gray eyes that look black seldom find place in the feminine ideal of beauty. It is too much the eye that commands—too forceful, too compelling—to accord with man's ideal of a beautiful woman. Doubtless there are women who have had this eye. There are actresses who have gray or blue eyes which in moments of tense emotion appear to be black. But the "beau ideal" of lovely womanhood is usually the eye that is "blue like sapphire," "sepia brown like heavy velvet," "black like the skin of a ripe olive," or "hazel like the reflections of 'trees in a woodland pool.'"

Byron has these gray-black eyes, tho we should hardly put him in a category with Napoleon, Caesar or Washington. Still, the description is interesting—"beautiful, changeful gray eyes which deepened in color when he was under the influence of tenderness and passion and which glowed with a red light when he was angry."

Next Week: Thin Eyebrows.

THE HUSTLER

BY DOROTHY M. HAMILTON

A Memorial Day Story

HISTORY was important to Mr. Stuney only in so far as it was personal. If you had talked to him of the war of 1812, he would have yawned; if you had come nearer to date and spoken of our war with Mexico, he would have looked listlessly at you, out o' bored eyes; but if you had touched even lightly upon the war of 1863—because you finally noticed that he wore a little bronze button that looked like a penny—you would have caught a glow of interest in his wise gray eyes. For he would be seeing a picture in his mind of one of the great days of history, a day of bright sunshine, when the streets of Castleton glittered with splendid uniforms and sprucely cocked hats; while the tireless little band of Company F played so vigorously that it soon had all the blue legs moving in double-quick time, to the roaring accompaniment of cheers.

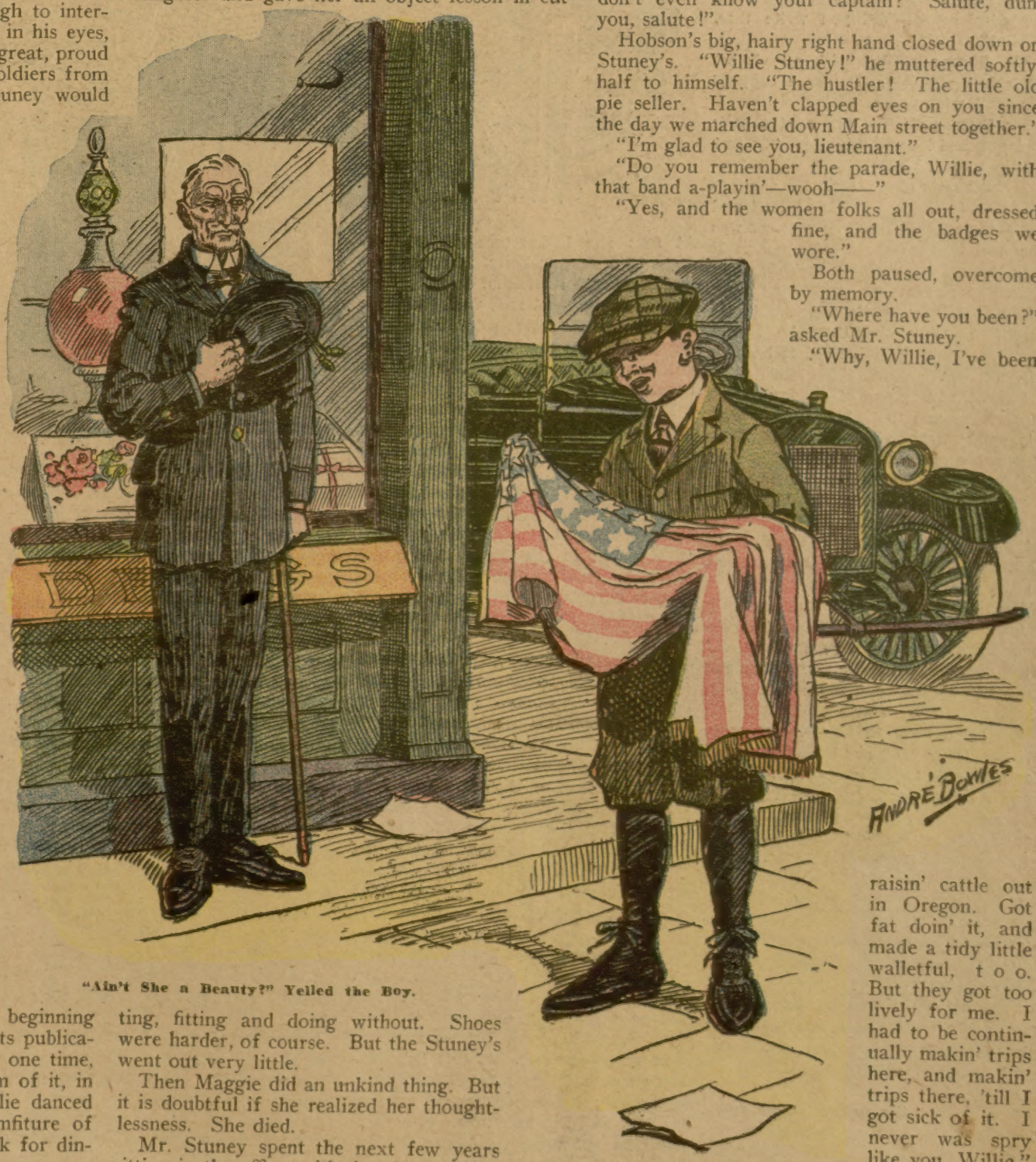
Then, if you had been keen enough to interpret rightly the queer, pleading look in his eyes, and had said, suggestively, "What a great, proud day it was for Castleton when the soldiers from the war came back home," Mr. Stuney would have reached out a shaking arm and clasped your hand tightly. He would even have held it a moment, while he steadied his voice. Then he would have exclaimed, "One of the biggest days in the whole world! Why, traffic was held up for two hours—and, my boy, do you remember how fast the band played? And how the women folks all came out in their best linsey wolsey—I had new shoes for the parade, and wow! how they pinched my feet. But I marched brisker than them all, and when our line reached where Maggie was standing I called out, 'Hey, Maggie—what do you think of your old man?' And she called back quick, as a flash, 'Hey there yourself, Willie!'"

There was another day which Mr. Stuney kept brilliant and glowing in his heart. It fell some years after the first one, during the time when he was working diffidently at patent law, and dreaming of poetry. Maggie disapproved, timidly, of the dreaming. She called his attention to the children's scanty wardrobe. She hinted that food was high and postage stamps costly. But with a stubborn hand he waved her away, and composed more verses. "But they come back," complained Maggie. "They won't always," he would answer with the fervency of one who sees a light. And one day a syndicate bought one of the poems. It was a sonnet, about war, and it contained the very best of Mr. Stuney. He had whipped into it all his mad, young dreams, and all the tenderness of Maggie; the regiment colors, the rhythmic, alluring beat of drums. He and Maggie considered it only the beginning of great verses. On the morning of its publication—in three hundred newspapers at one time, with William T. Stuney at the bottom of it, in very readable type—Maggie and Willie danced an improvised racquet, to the discomfiture of their children, bought a huge beefsteak for dinner, and made peach ice cream.

But for some reason the days after that all followed each other in a vague string. The patent law office grew shabby. Food and even stamps became scarce, and more than once a poem had to be shelved until there would be funds to secure it first-class passage thru Uncle Sammy's mail.

The trouble seemed to lie in Mr. Stuney himself. He found it tiresome to sit in the little office among dusty books, sharpening lead pencils and listening for the sound of a client's step in the hall. He had a conviction that at any minute, if he would only take the time, he could sit down and write an epic. That would more than pay their accumulated expenses. It would outfit Maggie and the children—buy him a new pair of shoes, if Maggie insisted, but the ones he wore were so comfortable—and perhaps allow them to take a little trip. Ah, Bermuda, or the Bahamas! The epic first, then the Bahamas.

Maggie maintained a most remarkable tact and kindliness. If there was no money for the grocer, she smiled at him, wheedled him, and persuaded him to let the account run for three months more. When her best dress got to glistening in the back, she winked slyly at her daughter and gave her an object lesson in cutting, fitting and doing without. Shoes were harder, of course. But the Stuney's went out very little.



"Ain't She a Beauty?" Yelled the Boy.

Then Maggie did an unkind thing. But it is doubtful if she realized her thoughtlessness. She died.

Mr. Stuney spent the next few years sitting in the office, with dazed eyes, or walking along the country roads around Castleton, stopping farmers from their work and telling them about Maggie. He could never bear, even at the most urgent invitation, to go into a farmhouse, because the man's wife might have rosy cheeks, or a wheedling smile. So he merely talked for a little while, and passed on.

It was more than thirty years afterward that the third day of vital history revealed itself to Mr. Stuney. He was an old man, 78 years old. His eyes had retreated far back under bushy brows. Some of his teeth were missing. His hands could not direct a pen with quite their old fluency—but you could make out the signature, Wm. T. Stuney, on a letter. His voice was deeper and clearer than in his youth. His eyesight was excellent.

To him there came one day, as tho sent by a fair-minded fate, Mr. Level Hobson. Mr. Stuney marked the coming well, and knew that the day would have to be recorded among the rare.

It happened in the Castleton public library. When Mr. Stuney came in one afternoon to sit meditatively at the front window and read the evening paper, he found both the paper and his favorite chair appropriated by a bulky old fellow with thick, gray hair, and a mild, credulous face. He wore a bronze button, like Mr. Stuney's, and his left sleeve hung empty.

"Howdy, lieutenant!" remarked Mr. Stuney, after a breathless moment of recognition. The other man lifted his head slowly and wonderingly.

"Howdy, Lieutenant Hobson," continued Mr. Stuney. "What's ailing you, you old rascal—don't even know your captain? Salute, dum you, salute!"

Hobson's big, hairy right hand closed down on Stuney's. "Willie Stuney!" he muttered softly, half to himself. "The hustler! The little old pie seller. Haven't clapped eyes on you since the day we marched down Main street together."

"I'm glad to see you, lieutenant."

"Do you remember the parade, Willie, with that band a-playin'—wooh——"

"Yes, and the women folks all out, dressed fine, and the badges we wore."

Both paused, overcome by memory.

"Where have you been?" asked Mr. Stuney.

"Why, Willie, I've been raisin' cattle out in Oregon. Got fat doin' it, and made a tidy little walletful, too. But they got too lively for me. I had to be continually makin' trips here, and makin' trips there, 'till I got sick of it. I never was spry like you, Willie."

"Have you come back to stay now?"

"Yes, sir. I've got two sons livin' here, and here's where I'll do my smokin' 'till the Almighty gets tired o' seein' me around, and brands me for another ranch."

They looked long and silently at one another, drinking in the delirium of companionship.

"You're lookin' good, Willie."

"So are you, Level—you look like Santy

Claus—a well-fed Santy, I'll say."

Mr. Hobson puffed out his cheeks. "That's Oregon's doin's—puttin' all this excess on me. Bully climate—lived on the fat of the land. But lonely! Whew! Willie, I got so's I'd name some of my prize steers after you boys back home, here. I had a Johnnie Beck; he was the fattest one, and he had eyes the spittin' image of Johnnie's—and a Phil Cooper. Say, Willie, how is poor Cooper—still living?"

"Just living, lieut, and that's all."

"Doggone! Well, there was one steer that walked kind of shaky. I felt sorry for the poor coot, and he put me so much in mind of Phil, hobblin' down Main street that day, grinnin' and tryin' to look as if it didn't hurt him. And it turned into paralysis?"

"Terrible paralysis," said Mr. Stuney.

"Tsch-tsch!" said Mr. Hobson, sorrowfully, between his teeth.

"But, looky-here, Willie, my boy. What about yourself? I want to know"—he began a clumsy fumbling among his vest pockets—"what this means." Accusingly he brought out a wallet and from one of the folds extracted a yellowish piece of newspaper, worn thin. He put it in Mr. Stuney's hands, and demanded in a blustering whisper—for the librarian was watching, with obvious displeasure—"did you write that, Willie?"

Mr. Stuney nodded with an almost hysterical pleasure. It was a copy of the syndicated poem.

Mr. Hobson slapped him on the back and punched him in the ribs. "Go on! Did you, now, Willie?"

Mr. Stuney's chest rose. He saw admiration in the eyes of his friend and realized suddenly that this moment was the best that he could ever know. It was too late now, for the writing of an epic. What fame he wanted he must grasp, instantly, while opportunity offered. Smiling childishly, he looked the poem over, and handed it back to Mr. Hobson.

"Yes, that was one of my first, lieut. Not very much to that, I guess." But his eyes were glowing under their heavy brows as they caught the look of humility on Mr. Hobson's face.

"Well, let me tell you something, my boy," said Mr. Hobson. "This here bit of poetry's been all I had out there that meant home. When it comes out in the paper one day, I says, 'William T. Stuney,' I says, 'you've took a mighty funny way to say howdy to a friend—but I get you—I get you, all O. K.' That first line, Willie, about the sun beamin' on the flag—I tell you, my boy, that's the stuff! That's poetry.

"It came near to bowlin' me over, Willie. What with not havin' seen you for a long time, and havin' my pet steer bearin' your name, and all—I showed the poetry to the other Will Stuney, too, and what do you think that coot of a steer done? Winked at me. Plain as I'm sittin' here."

They both laughed uproariously, to the disgust of the sleek-haired librarian, who could not endure old men.

"And so you've followed it up, Willie—the writin'?"

With his heart pumping dangerously fast, and a comfortable, warm thrill of pleasure creeping thru him, Mr. Stuney smiled, half fearfully and bowed his head.

Hobson put the yellow paper away. Then he said, with austere pride, "I'll save this now, Willie, good and certain. It ain't every cattle raiser has a genius for a friend."

II.

GRADUALLY the lives of Mr. Stuney and Mr. Hobson began to center around the Castleton public library. At 3 o'clock each afternoon the New York papers arrived, ready to be put in the wooden holders. At half-past three, always on the dot, Mr. Hobson made his slow way up the library stairs, paused at the top to adjust his spectacles, and to look sternly at any youthful readers who might be sitting nearby, glanced in the direction of the librarian, who was always busy at her desk, with lowered eyes, then walked heavily over to one of the two chairs by the window. These chairs the librarian had been forced to leave there, by reason of the old men's persistence.

"What Did I Do? I Jumped in the Barrel and Stamped on the Pies!"

At first she had separated them at night before going home. But Mr. Hobson, the next afternoon, would grasp each chair in turn, and, with the maddening naughtiness of a bad little boy, would drag it across the floor to the window. After a week of this she had succumbed.

Mr. Stuney always came at a quarter of four. He took the stairs with brisk agility and a springy step, meant for the ears of Mr. Hobson, who never failed to hear it, and to pretend not to. When Stuney approached the window, his friend would be very self-consciously absorbed in the Times, and would raise his eyes casually, ready to be intensely surprised at the appearance of Mr. Stuney. Neither seemed to tire of this game.

Mr. Stuney would pick the Herald from the paper stand and seat himself solemnly in the other chair. For at least half an hour there would be silence. Nothing would be heard in the library but the neat movement of the librarian's pen, or the occasional flutter of turning pages. At the end of this interval Mr. Stuney would look at Mr. Hobson and suggest, tentatively, "Change?" "Change!" Mr. Hobson would change hands, another half hour would pass, quietly.

Then Mr. Hobson would become furtive. He would wipe his glasses, shuffle his feet, nudge his neighbor. Mr. Stuney would look at him affectionately out of screwed-up eyes, and indicate, by a nod of his head that the librarian was watching them. At this Mr. Hobson's mouth would assume a belligerent shape; his fingers would snap in his lap, showing how much of a valuation he put upon the librarian's authority. They would keep their papers in their hands, and begin conversation behind them.

"Remember about the pies, Willie?"

"Don't I!"

"Tell me about it again. I kind of forget it."

"Bought them from a drummer boy"—here Mr. Stuney lowered his paper enough to see the librarian, who was looking sourly at him—"yes, Hobson, I bought them from a drummer boy"—they both began to snicker, in anticipation—"and I was going to sell the whole barrelful to the boys. Five cents a pie." Mr. Hobson, by now, was reaching for his handkerchief. "And when the boys all crowded around the barrel with their paws stuck out, reaching, and howling for their pies, I said, 'Now, wait a minute—wait a minute. Get your nickels ready. Nary a pie goes out of this barrel without a nickel put right here in my hand!' And they crowded around the barrel——" This detail seemed to please them both. Mr. Stuney repeated it several times.

"Yes, go on, Willie." Mr. Hobson was weak by now. "What happened after they crowded around the barrel?"

"Then, all of a sudden they made a rush for the barrel, and started to push me away."

"And what did you do, Willie?" asked Hobson, slapping his friend on the knee.

"What did I do? I jumped in the barrel and stamped on the pies. Stamped on the pies! Smashed every mother's son of them. Yes, sir!"

"Stomped on 'em! Don't I remember it! Little Willie leapin' up in the air, unexpectedly, and jumpin' into the barrel."

Mr. Stuney was overcome himself. They looked into each other's eyes, and laughed until they cried. Their newspapers shook violently.

"I'll tell you, Willie, you was a hustler, all right. Always up to some schema. Always busy, and lordin' it over the rest of us. And writin' poetry. Dumned if I didn't know you'd be a poet. You was always as smart as a steel trap, my boy." He drew his wallet from a pocket and took a millionth look at the yellow paper. "Who wrote this here?" he demanded sternly. "William T. Stuney, Esquire, Captain of Company F, Thirty-third Regiment. Pie seller! Hustler!"

III.

IT WAS Mr. Stuney's misfortune always to be hurt by the thing he loved. His very dreams had blighted him. Maggie, in going away and leaving him, had broken his heart. And, finally, Mr. Hobson, brusque of tongue, loving and revering him, struck him a fatal blow.

It was getting well on toward the end of May when Mr. Hobson climbed up the library stairs one afternoon, noisily and with an unaccustomed speed. He fidgeted, while waiting for Mr. Stuney, and he kept watching the door.

When Mr. Stuney reached the top of the stairs he looked quickly around the corner of the room, toward the window, and caught the eye of his friend. Mr. Stuney was wearing a black band around his coat sleeve.

"So you know about Phil, then?" asked Mr. Hobson, in a whisper. "Poor Phil!"

"He's the last of the company, Willie, except you and me." Mr. Stuney's deep-set eyes were moist and beady.

The two shook hands in mutual sympathy.

"I was just thinkin', Willie," said Hobson, as they put up their newspaper barriers, "Saturday's Memorial day. More than like he'll be buried on Saturday."

Mr. Stuney nodded sadly.

"And it bein' Memorial day, and him bein' the last of the company except you an' me—and all—why I figured that it's up to you an' me to run that funeral, Willie. And run it right."

"Yes, it is, lieut." But a vague fear seemed to cross Mr. Stuney's mind. His eyes sought the floor.

"Finance it, as you might say, Willie."

With a wild look of terror Mr. Stuney raised his eyes. "Finance it?" he re-

(Continued on Page 15.)

The Riddle of the Rings

By Henry Treadway Blythe

NO PURSE, I daresay, ever carried more startling or bewildering contents than the one which I opened in the privacy of my own room at 4 o'clock in the afternoon of September 3rd, 1921. During the few seconds in which I fumbled at its cheap clasp I expected to discover either paper currency or coins. But a minute later I found that I had in my possession two of the most mystifying objects possible. And I was to realize dimly, not twenty-four hours later, that my mere possession of those two objects had drawn me into a veritable whirlpool of astonishing incidents—incidents that culminated in a climax never dreamed of by myself or by any one else connected with the affair.

And all this, strange to relate, came about thru the simple fact that the receivers of the firm of Greenstein & Greenstein, suit and raincoat manufacturers of New York City, held a bankruptcy sale!

I had made a flying trip from Chicago to New York for my employer, Jack Kenwood, the La Salle street broker. The object of my visit was to show Griggsby, a former business partner of Kenwood's, the condition of our brokerage office in Chicago with the purpose of furthering a new partnership between Griggsby and Kenwood for a large New York office. To remark that I was highly interested in seeing this connection brought about between Griggsby and Kenwood, is stating the case mildly.

A few years before I had entered Kenwood's employ, a raw country boy with no other business training than secured in a small town bank. Now, after this lapse of time, I was occupying a rather confidential position with him at the not too generous salary of $100 per month.

Kenwood had virtually admitted to me before I left Chicago that if Griggsby were willing to form a new partnership with him, he would establish the main office of the brokerage business in New York City and would go there himself to live. In that case, he hinted, the present Chicago office would become a branch, and some one—and who could he have meant?—would be appointed manager of it with a remuneration of $200 a month. So, for this reason I knew that it would prove to my undeniable advantage to persuade Griggsby that a Griggsby-Kenwood alliance would be productive of much material benefit to all parties concerned. And one more thing was quite certain: If I, David Rand, Jr., should be selected as the recipient of that $200 salary, I need no longer hesitate about asking a certain Miss Aline Burnett to become Mrs. David Rand! But of Aline Burnett, more later.

When I stepped from the depot at New York on the morning of September second, I noticed with dismay that a fine, chilly rain was beginning to fall. Since I had brought with me only my traveling bag and a heavy portfolio of papers, I was hardly equipped for battling with any elements—especially watery ones. So, just as I was about to indulge in a little self-denunciation for my stupidity in losing sight of the fact that rain falls in New York City as well as in Chicago, my attention was riveted by a sign across the street which proclaimed in huge, glaring, red letters that the suit and raincoat stock of Greenstein & Greenstein, recently declared bankrupts, was being offered to the public at the unheard-of prices of $9.99 per suit and $1.49 per raincoat. And it was; furthermore, quite evident that the public was availing itself of these unusual prices for a crowd of frenzied individuals surged thru one door of Greenstein & Greenstein's establishment, and a continuous line passed forth from the other door, most of the members of which were clad in a neat-appearing, greenish, outer garment.

Now, I had three umbrellas in Chicago—but rain, as I may already have remarked, takes no cognizance of umbrellas a thousand miles distant. Enough to state that I joined the jostling crowd entering the house of Greenstein & Greenstein and reappeared later, buttoned inside of one of their $1.49 raincoats. And I was just in time, so it seemed, for no sooner had I set foot on the sidewalk than I was greeted with a veritable downpour from the skies.

I found Griggsby. I covered his desk, his hands, his knees, with the contents of my portfolio. I talked as I had never talked before—thinking all the while of that managership of Jack Kenwood's Chicago office and of the sunny-haired girl who no doubt at that moment was taking dictation from Kenwood himself. At the conclusion of my inspired oration I mopped my brow and waited tremblingly for Griggsby's verdict. And the verdict, altho brief to the extreme, was the one I was hoping for.

"Looks hunky dory for me," he grunted. "Tell Kenwood that I said it's O. K.—and that he can come on himself whenever he's ready. I'll start tomorrow and look up a decent suite of offices."

WITH Griggsby won over, there was no reason for my remaining in New York any longer, so after a good meal and a brief trip around the city, I took the first train out that afternoon—at 3 o'clock. And, seated across from me in the Pullman compartment, was the individual whose waterproof coat, purchased like my own at the big New York bankruptcy sale, was destined to pass into my possession thru the denseness of a negro train porter.

He was a small, wiry fellow with sharp, beady, black eyes. Judging from the baldness at the top of his head and the fringe of grayish hair at that spot, he must have been nearly 50 years of age. His face carried a peculiar crafty look which may, however, have been caused by the short vandyke beard which he wore. The next day, after the berths had been made up and I had succeeded in getting into a friendly conversation with him, I found that he talked fluently of South America, of South Africa, of China—in fact, of the most out-of-the-way places.

His actions, after we had returned from breakfast in the dining car, were at times most peculiar. Every now and then he would draw from his pocket a small card on which some inscription was jotted in pencil. With this in one hand, he would tear a blank leaf from his notebook and fall to figuring furiously. Once I accidentally caught sight of the slip of paper which carried his computations, and I noted with surprise that he was figuring with letters instead of numbers. But his efforts seemed invariably to bring him nothing, for, with a long-drawn out sigh, he would crumple up his sheet of paper and fling it from the open window. And several hours before the train reached Chicago, he even tore into pieces the white card that seemed to serve as a starting point for all his calculations; these fragments, too, he tossed from the window with an exclamation of profound disappointment.

Thus, hour after hour dragged by as we flew thru the States of Pennsylvania, Ohio and Indiana. Finally, at fifteen minutes of 3, the conductor passed thru the car announcing that in a quarter of an hour more the train would be in the Twelfth Street Depot at Chicago.

The usual terrific bustling ensued. Grips were taken down from racks. Coats were removed and brushed. Fond mothers moistened handkerchiefs on their tongues and cleaned the faces of sooty infants. Magazines and books were jammed into traveling bags. Clean collars were hastily donned in place of soiled ones. Men of all sizes, descriptions and degrees of temper, including my traveling companion and myself, crowded and swayed together in the washroom. And in all the confusion the negro porter passed from rack to rack, wielding his long whiskbroom on any article of wearing apparel that seemed to point to the probability of its owner donating a coin or two to him. I daresay that if the bearded man and myself had known, a few minutes later, that the black had removed our respective raincoats, brushed them off, folded them up, and re-deposited them on the rack directly the reverse from the way he found them, we too might have been as reluctant to contribute our toll as a good many other passengers in the same coach.

At any rate, no sooner had we rolled into the gloom of the train shed at Twelfth street, Chicago, than my companion flung his raincoat over his arm, grabbed his suitcase and traveling bag, and with a curt farewell nod to me pressed forward and became suddenly swallowed up in the out-going throng.

For a minute I waited until the crowd had left the coach, since a slightly sprained ankle sustained on entering the depot at New York made rapid progress somewhat difficult for me. Then, after the last passenger had gained the platform, I reached up on the rack and took down my own raincoat. Not an instant later I discovered by the sickly rays of an arc light high up on one of the beams of the train shed, that the top button which I had accidentally ripped off on my way to Griggsby's office in New York—had miraculously reappeared in place! At once I felt in the two outer pockets. A torn envelope, on the back of which I had scribbled Griggsby's address, was missing. Likewise a leather wallet containing several slips of data which I had neglected to replace in the portfolio. Then the explanation dawned on me.

The negro porter had mixed up the two raincoats and both the bearded man and myself were in possession of each other's garment!

Hastily I ran my hands thru the inner pockets, hoping to come across some sort of a card or letter that might serve as a clew to the identity of the rightful owner. But my rapid search was rewarded by nothing, for the reason that I overlooked entirely a tiny side pocket which was sewed to the lining of one of the larger ones.

At this juncture I suddenly realized that it might yet be possible to overtake the bearded man, since it was not at all unlikely that he would linger for a minute or two in the depot waiting-room; perhaps at the cigar counter. So, grasping my traveling bag and the rubber slip-on, I hobbled from the coach and made my way down the long wooden platform which led from the train shed.

I was too late by a bare second, for the iron gate clanged in front of me and the gate tender remarked:

"Sorry, mister, but you're too late to come thru this way. You'll have to go 'round by the little side gate over yonder."

Had it not been for this delay, I am certain that I would have overtaken the man for whom I was searching. However, I hobbled around the side gate, into the waiting-room, and out to the sidewalk in front of the depot. Here I stood, anxiously looking up and down the street.

SUDDENLY I caught sight of him—walking rapidly north on Michigan avenue, a full block ahead of me. That it was he, there could be no doubt whatever; for both the green raincoat flung over one arm and the peculiar shaped, tan alligator traveling bag that he carried in the other hand, were visible even at that distance. As I stood with my weight leaning on my good ankle, wondering how on earth I could bring him back without limping futilely after him, a voice, seeming to come from somewhere near my elbow, whined:

"Carry yer satchel, mister? Carry it to th' street car fer a nickel?"

I spun quickly around and beheld as disreputable a specimen of humanity as I have ever looked upon. That he was a tramp, was evident, for his clothes were soiled and torn beyond all description. His face, besides being incredibly dirty, was covered with a several days' growth of fuzzy beard. His eyes, staring at me with a strange, haunting, even horrible expression, were watery and bloodshot. On his head was a crumpled brown felt hat from under the edge of which peeped tufts of unkempt gray hair.

As I looked him over, it came to me

"Aline! Where Did You Get That Ring?" David Managed to Ask the Girl.

like a flash that here was my only chance to bring back the man who was unconsciously walking away with my raincoat and with what was still more important —my data slips. So I grasped him by the arm and pointed out along Michigan avenue.

"Look!" I commanded. "Quick—in the direction I'm pointing. Do you see that fellow with a tan valise and a green raincoat?" He nodded stupidly. "Get after him as fast as you can. Tell him to come straight back to the depot. Don't lose track of him. I'll give you a half dollar when you return. Hurry now!"

For possibly five seconds he stared at me as tho his mind were unable to grasp the proposition. Then he started off, running with a strange lumbering gait. For about five minutes I waited impatiently. Finally he came ambling up, his eyes still carrying their peculiar expression.

"Sorry, guvner," he said, "I lost 'em. 'E got on a street car. I tried m' best to git 'im." He stood waiting sheepishly, his hat in his hand.

I remembered now that in my excitement I had promised him a half dollar. No doubt a dime would have brought forth as great an effort on his part. But there was no way to recall my offer, now that it was made. So I felt impatiently in my pocket for change. Bringing up what I had, I discovered that the wealth on my person was represented by several large bills together with twenty cents in silver. The afternoon was passing. It was hardly likely that any store in the vicinity would change a bill for a stranger. So I drew out a calling card and scribbled on it the address of the West Oak street boarding-house which I called "home." This I handed him, together with the dime.

"Here," I said, "I've got no change and I'm in a big hurry besides. Use that dime for carfare and ride out to this address in two or three hours. Ask the colored girl that answers the door for David Rand. I'll see then that you get your half dollar."

He stared uncomprehendingly at the card. Then he looked up.

"Will yer read it fer me, mister?"

"What," I asked in surprise. "Do you mean to tell me you can't read printed English words?"

He shook his head.

Here was certainly an extraordinary person. In this age of compulsory education, an individual who can't read is usually more or less of an anomaly.

"All right, then," I said. "David Rand, 72 West Oak street. Can you remember that?"

"David Rand—72 West Oak street," he repeated dully. "Alright, guvner. I'll come, 'cause I need the half dollar." After staring off into space for a moment, he lumbered away. Then I started for Jack Kenwood's office in the National Life Building to make known the result of my talk with Griggsby.

For some reason known not even to myself, I had always held a pronounced dislike to Jack Kenwood. Why such an attitude should have existed on my part has always been a mystery to me. His appearance was not of such a nature as to inspire a feeling of antagonism in any one, for it was merely that of a young man with deep black eyes and jet black hair, sleekly parted in the middle. At the age of 16 he had come to Chicago from a farm near Duluth, Minn., entering a brokerage office as an errand boy. By the time he was 22 years old, he was opening his own brokerage office, and thru a series of lucky deals in wheat —for he was never averse to taking a flier on the market himself—he had already piled up a neat little fortune. I confess that at times I envied him, since at the age of 25—which was slightly less than my own age—he had achieved what to my mind constituted material success. But he was mighty hard to get along with, for, in spite of the fact that life was running smoothly for him, he allowed himself almost every few days to burst into a torrent of rage that was so intense that no one could remain in the same office with him. When he was indulging in one of these outbursts of temper he did not care what he said or whom he said it to—with the result that on more than one occasion I would have thrown down my pen and left him on the spot, had it not been for the fact that in leaving the office for good, I should lose the opportunity of being near Aline Burnett—who had entered Kenwood's employ as a stenographer just five months before. And on the day that her sunny personality and her dancing blue eyes invaded the solemn atmosphere of our office, I began to develop a peculiar desire to remain exactly where I was.

AFTER I reached the National Life Building and found Kenwood lolling back in the swivel chair in his private office, I told him Griggsby's answer as briefly as Griggsby himself had told it to me. He seemed to be in the most genial of moods, for he leaned back and smiled the first smile I had seen in a number of weeks.

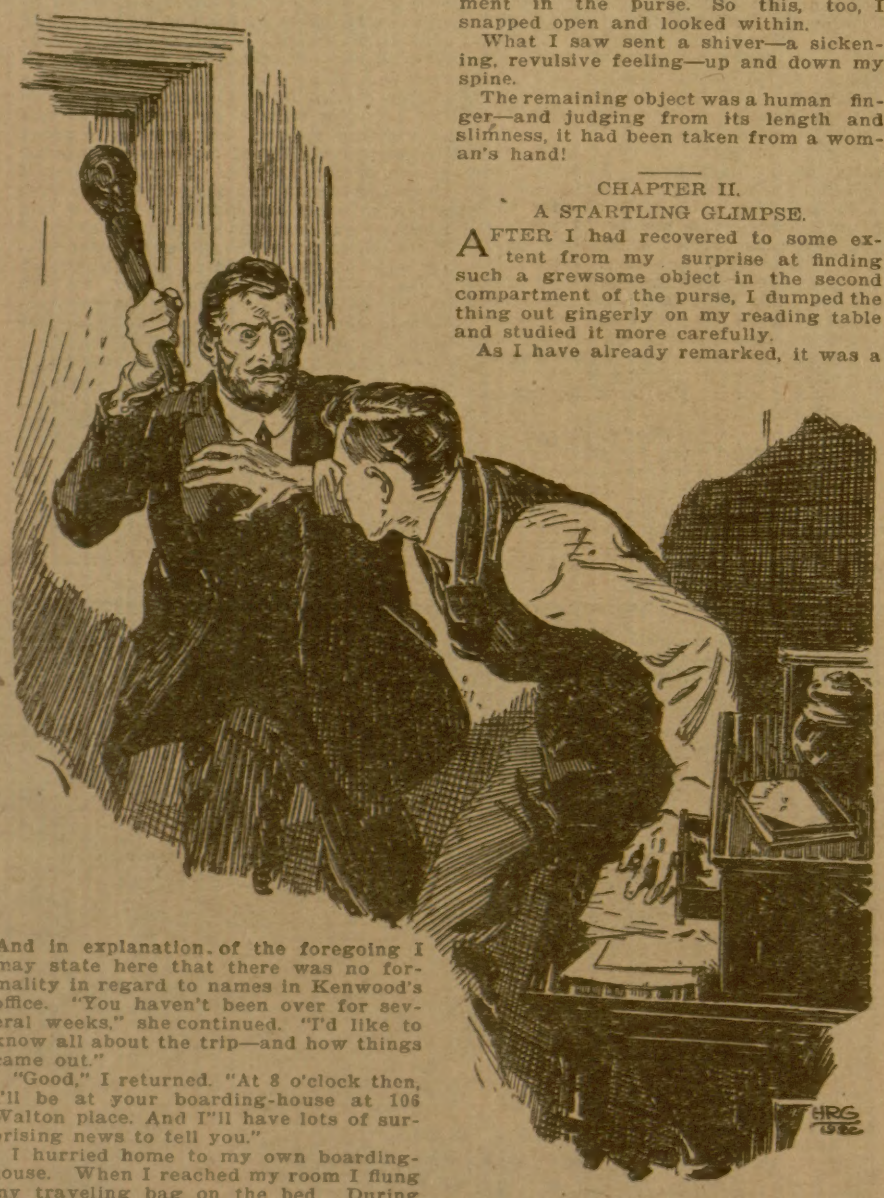
"Good work, Rand," he drawled. "As long as Griggsby's willing—I start for New York in a week. On the day I leave, this office will become Kenwood & Griggsby's Chicago branch office—in charge of one David Rand—at two hundred dollars per. How does it sound?"

He raised a deprecatory hand as I started to stammer forth my thanks. "No expressions of gratitude, Rand. You've toiled early and late around this old 'grain elevator'—so I guess you deserve it. Now chase yourself home and clean up. It's half-past 3 now. Traveling's tiresome work—and we can get along without you for the rest of the day." He turned toward his desk, which, as usual, was littered with papers. "Expect you down in the morning, Rand. But if you're tired, sleep late."

As I passed Aline's typewriting machine in the outer room she looked up curiously and smiled. How those smiles used to make me weak to the very tips of my toes! So, traveling bag in hand, I stopped at her table.

"May I drop in tonight?" I asked. "Say at 8 o'clock?"

"You surely may, David," she replied.



I Wheeled Sharply, at the Same Time Thrusting One Arm Instinctively Above My Head to Ward Off the Impending Blow. But Too Late!

And in explanation of the foregoing I may state here that there was no formality in regard to names in Kenwood's office. "You haven't been over for several weeks," she continued. "I'd like to know all about the trip—and how things came out."

"Good," I returned. "At 8 o'clock then, I'll be at your boarding-house at 106 Walton place. And I'll have lots of surprising news to tell you."

I hurried home to my own boarding-house. When I reached my room I flung my traveling bag on the bed. During the last twenty minutes, filled as it was with a smile from Aline, a promise that I might see her that night, and a 100 per cent raise in salary from Kenwood, I had utterly forgotten about the loss of my data slips and the fact that I was in possession of another man's raincoat. So I unfolded it and began examining it closely. It was new, of the same shade and pattern as my own, and without any doubt whatever purchased at the same big sale in which I had been a customer immediately on my arrival at New York.

Again I groped in the pockets, wondering if I might possibly run across some tiny scrap of paper bearing either the name and address of the owner or the address of some one who knew him. If the fellow actually wished to, he would be able to find me without any trouble—but as he was out nothing by our accidental exchange, it seemed hardly probable that he would sacrifice any of his own time to rectify the mistake.

As my thoughts ran along in this direction, I suddenly caught my fingernail in a small pocket sewed on the inner flap of one of the larger ones—a pocket that I had entirely overlooked. I thrust my fingers to the bottom of it and they closed on something made of leather.

Drawing it out, I found that it was an ordinary brown leather purse with a cheap brass clasp locking together two compartments. "Good," were the first words that popped into my mind, "if there's any appreciable amount of money here, he'll be sure to come back and return my wallet with the data slips." So I clicked open one of the compartments and peered within. The yellow glint of metal caught my eye. Quickly I removed the article and beheld one of the quaintest, oddest, finger rings that I had ever seen before that time, or, as a matter of fact, have ever seen since.

It consisted of a plain broad band of copperish-colored gold, apparently hammered by hand and never polished. But what was so unique about it was the peculiar ornament set in the top of the ring in place of the usual precious stone that one expects to find. This ornament consisted of a shining silver horseshoe, not quite as large as a dime and yet faithfully reproduced in miniature, even to the tiny nail holes. As I held it up, wondering whether it was intended to bring luck to the wearer, I caught sight of what appeared to be an inscription, cut by some sharp instrument around the inner surface of the ring. On carrying it over to the window where I could hold it in the rays of the sun, now low in the west, I found that the inscription was plainly legible and consisted of a senseless jumble of characters, as follows:

ZNYHJCRENDK9?ZJD

As I stared at the meaningless combination of letters I suddenly recollected that there was still another compartment in the purse. So this, too, I snapped open and looked within.

What I saw sent a shiver—a sickening, revulsive feeling—up and down my spine.

The remaining object was a human finger—and judging from its length and slimness, it had been taken from a woman's hand!

CHAPTER II.

A STARTLING GLIMPSE.

AFTER I had recovered to some extent from my surprise at finding such a grewsome object in the second compartment of the purse, I dumped the thing out gingerly on my reading table and studied it more carefully.

As I have already remarked, it was a long, slender finger. Now that the effects from the shock of discovering it had passed away and I was able to scrutinize it with more attention to detail, I noticed that it carried a beautifully polished and well manicured nail. In fact, its whole appearance indicated strongly that it had not been the finger of a man. What appeared most strange, however, was the fact that around its surface where the instrument had been used, no stains of any sort were visible; this seemed to prove that the severance of it must have been a bloodless operation.

For several more minutes I examined it, occasionally picking it up in order to secure a better view of it. Finally I re-deposited it in the compartment of the purse where I had found it. Then I turned my attention to the copperish-gold with the silver horseshoe setting and ran my eye once more over the string of letters which were scratched on the inside of the band:

ZNYHJCRENDK9?ZJD

What, in the name of common sense, I asked myself, could they signify? Taken either backward or forward, they gave no meaning whatever—at least in English—and, from the scarcity of vowels, I could not help but feel in doubt as to whether they constituted a sentence or phrase of a foreign language. I noticed, too, with a great deal of bewilderment that the twelfth character was a number—and that the thirteenth, oddly enough, a question mark. What was the meaning of both the figure "9" and the character "?"? Where had the ring itself come from? Whose was the slim white finger in the purse? What had the bearded man done in New York that he should have two such strange objects in his possession? Was he a doctor? Was he mentally abnormal? Or were these evidences of a crime of some sort?

All these questions passed lightning-like thru my mind. But I could not formulate a satisfactory explanation that would answer any of them. Suddenly, as I stood with the ring in my hands, I remembered that I possessed one friend who was intimately connected with the police affairs of Chicago and other cities. And that friend was Mr. Terrence O'Rourke, of the Central Detective Bureau. Why not, I told myself, call him up on the telephone and ask him what, to his mind, were the meaning of two such peculiar objects. And so, acting on this self-advised plan, I copied the inscription in large letters on a blank card in order that I might be able to consult it in the dim light down by the telephone. This accomplished, I dropped the ring in the remaining compartment of the purse, replaced the purse in the pocket of the raincoat, and hung the latter in the wooden wardrobe closet that stood at the side of the room.

Downstairs I thumbed over the telephone directory and finally found the number of the Central Detective Bureau. Then I stepped into the little sound-proof booth which our esteemed landlady had installed a few weeks before, and rung my number.

"Give me Central 3615," I said.

A short pause and a buzzing sound ensued.

"Central Bureau," replied a voice.

"Is Mr. Terrence O'Rourke with the Central Detective Bureau yet?"

"Sure is," answered the voice. "Shall I put him on the wire?"

"Yes."

Another pause—and I heard a voice which sounded mighty familiar.

"Hello. O'Rourke speaking."

"This is David Rand," I said, "of Jack Kenwood's brokerage office on La Salle street. Some months ago we got acquainted—the time that Chilpherson skipped out with some of Kenwood's money. You were in charge of that case, O'Rourke. Do you remember me?"

"Remember you?" he exclaimed. "Faith, and you don't give me credit for a very long memory, I'm fearing. What's wrong now, Rand. Another skip-out? More funds missing?"

"No—something altogether different, O'Rourke. I thought I'd like to speak with you a minute and ask your opinion about it."

"Forge ahead," he returned.

"Well, here's the substance of the narrative: I was returning from New York today after a business trip made for Kenwood, and the Pullman porter got a new raincoat of mine mixed up with a similar-looking one that belonged to a fellow who sat across from me. At any rate I discovered the mistake just about a minute too late, so I hurried out in front of the depot and took a good look up and down the street, in the hope that I might catch sight of the man that had my own raincoat. Finally I spotted him. Since my ankle was pretty tender from a sprain, I sent a greasy, old panhandling tramp after him, but the former seemed either stupid or full of dope and lost him. I went on to the office, saw Kenwood about the trip, and came on home a few minutes ago; that was at 4 o'clock. At once I commenced searching in the raincoat, with the result that I came across a pocket that had escaped me before. In this pocket—are you still on the wire, O'Rourke?"

"Yes, Rand. Go ahead. I'm taking it all in."

"Well, in this pocket was a brown leather purse with two compartments. In one of these compartments was a copperish-gold ring with a tiny silver horseshoe for a setting and the following letters scratched on the inside of the band portion." I held up the card which I had prepared and read them off in succession: 'Z-N-Y-H-J-C-R-E-N-D-K-9-?-Z-J-D.' And in the remaining compartment was a clammy human finger that had been removed close to some one's hand. Now what's your opinion about a discovery like that?"

"A human finger!" he ejaculated. He paused and a ruminative whistle escaped him. "A finger," he repeated. "Looks decidedly shady to me," he added after another short pause. "That's certainly something new in queer finds. But tell me, Rand, is there any clew to your own identity in the pocket of the garment that he carried off?"

"Unless I'm greatly mistaken," I replied, "there's a portion of an envelope of mine with just the address legible—and on the back of this scrap of envelope is the address of a New York man who's going into partnership with Kenwood. In addition to this, there's an old leather wallet with a few slips of paper containing nothing but figures and dates, and so forth, concerning Kenwood's brokerage business. While their loss wouldn't mean anything financial to me, it would require a good deal of work on my part to compile them over again."

"Good," rejoined O'Rourke. "I'm willing to wager a ten-dollar bill that that scrap of envelope with your address will bring him back to your house the first minute he discovers the mistake. Now, listen carefully, Rand, I'm going to start for your place right away—for I want to have a look at that bunch of junk—as well as the gentleman who's toting it around with him. Now, see your landlady as soon as you leave the phone and tell her that if such a man shows up at the front door, she should send him straight up to your room. Put the rain-

(Continued on Page 16.)

Further Adventures of Billy Scar, the Master Adventurer in

South Sea Pebbles

By George Ethelbert Walsh

CHAPTER VI (Continued).

SCAR watched them in silence, a little annoyed that his hiding place had already been pre-empted by others. While he waited and watched, the last of the fish was consumed, and with their appetites satisfied, the men began to show signs of weariness. They dropped down in various positions of laziness, and some of them slept.

Kalputa sat on a rock watching the fire, his burly figure clearly visible to Scar. Whether in deep thought or dozing, it was impossible to guess. He remained in this silent attitude for some time, and then rose with a yawn. He gave one of the Papuans a contemptuous kick, and ordered him to stand on guard.

The sleepy Papuan walked a few paces nearer the entrance and took his station on a rock where he could see any one attempting to enter the cave. Kalputa then walked further back from the fire and threw himself down on the ground.

Scar waited. The sleepy sentry soon began to nod. Several times he nearly slipped off his rock, but caught himself just in time. Finally nature was too much for him, for he slid to the floor, and, using the rock as a back rest, was soon snoring audibly.

A Papuan sleeps like a log. Nothing short of a kick or an earthquake will arouse him. Scar was satisfied that every one was soundly wrapped in slumber before he moved. Then he began to wriggle forward, keeping beyond the mild glow from the fire in the rim of darkness beyond.

Kalputa was sleeping as heavily as any of his crew. The reflection from the fire on his face assured Scar of this fact, as well as his snoring. He crept closer. The continuous rumble of the surf filled the place with dull echoes so that a misstep was not likely to betray him.

Kalputa lay sprawled out on his back, making Scar's work easier. From his belt protruded the butt of his gun. Scar was determined to get this from him. Once in his possession the odds in a fight would be less against him.

The Papuans were not armed with anything but their knives and darts. Kalputa was the only one who carried firearms, and one good gun could hold back a horde of savages. Even Captain Bernice's men might be stood off indefinitely then.

Scar reasoned that if he could slip the gun from its belt, Kalputa, when he woke, would naturally conclude that he had lost it or one of his own crew had stolen it from him while he slept. He would never suspect the truth.

Slowly, inch by inch, Scar crept toward the sleeping man. Then a hand went out and reached for the butt-end of the weapon. It closed over it firmly, and with scarcely a perceptible motion it began working the barrel loose from the belt.

Time and again, Scar stopped and waited until the sleeper composed himself more comfortably and renewed his snoring. Once a Papuan near the fire half rose and looked sleepily around, and then dropped back again to finish his slumber. Scar held his breath, but kept a tight clutch on the handle of the gun.

It slipped finally from its belt without waking Kalputa. Still exercising great caution, but with a little throb of exultation, Scar began making his way back into the shadows of the cave. Once in a safe place he examined the weapon. Every chamber was loaded, and with a smile of satisfaction he pocketed it. He could account for seven men at least in an encounter.

Scar retreated to the end of the cave, a little surprised at its depth. Another thing which surprised him was a strong current of air that seemed to sweep up into a funnel over his head.

"There's some sort of an outlet here, I believe," he murmured. "I may as well examine it. I may need it to escape from the cave."

He climbed up the rocks, following as best he could the current of cool air; but in the darkness it was difficult to see anything, and he dared not strike a match.

In the midst of his explorations he was startled by a noise that seemed to come from the mouth of the cave. Above the rumble of the surf voices, muffled and far away, reached his ears. Had Kalputa awakened and discovered his loss?

Scar was invisible to any one in front, but he had a good view of those below him. Kalputa and his crew were awake, their dark forms flitting back and forth as if in excitement. They were putting out the few remaining embers of their fire, working quickly and silently.

The voices Scar had heard were coming from nearer the mouth of the cave. Kalputa had evidently heard them, too, and this accounted for his eagerness to extinguish the fire.

A few moments later a dark shadow drifted in front of the cave, growing out of the mist like a mirage in the clouds.

"Drop Her, Kalputa!" Scar Shouted, Breathlessly. "Drop Her or I'll Plug You!"

It assumed the shape of a boat, with half a dozen natives in it. Scar held his breath, for there could be only one explanation to this. The Papuans from the schooner were still on the search for him and Kalputa's gang.

For a brief moment Scar debated whether or not to make a truce with the outlaw and join forces with him against the common enemy. United they might accomplish something, but separated they would be hunted down individually and killed.

Then the thought of Captain Bernice made him change his mind. His life depended on hiding until he could meet her personally and throw himself on her mercy. She could do no more than order him executed, and he rather thought she would balk at that after he had explained his connection with Kalputa. There was a chance in following this course, but not one in a thousand by joining Kalputa.

He waited anxiously for developments. Would Kalputa fight or withdraw further in the cave? Scar had to consider that, and be ready to act.

The small boat, propelled by two pairs of oars, swept thru the surf and into the calmer waters inside the cavern. Once beyond the veil of mist, the occupants of the craft could be more easily counted. There were six of them, one in the bow and another crouched in the stern in addition to the four rowers.

Scar scowled a little, for this force was hardly equal to the crew that Kalputa could muster. The odds were in favor of the latter, for they could hide in ambush and take the initiative.

This was evidently what Kalputa planned, for his men were crouching in the shadows behind rocks waiting for the boat to land. Perhaps it was the capture of the boat that had induced Kalputa to fight instead of hiding. With a staunch boat in his possession, he might get away from the island and back to the Bounty.

SCAR was still undecided what course to pursue. Raising the pros and cons in his mind, it seemed about an even

(Continued on Page 19.)

The Story From the Beginning—Condensed for New Ledger Readers

SOUTH SEA PEBBLES—wonderful glistening pearls of amazing size and enormous value, the product of a small, probably uncharted island in the southern waters of the Pacific Ocean—were not entirely unknown to the native sailors of the southwest island groups, but few of the precious gems had ever reached the outside, civilized world. A woman who was known to seafaring men as

CAPTAIN BERNICE, whose parents had been a white sea captain and a Papuan princess, according to her black followers, was the acknowledged guardian of the South Sea Pebbles.

When the sailing ship Bounty was drifting thru the Great Barrier Reef, two days out from New Castle Bay, her captain and other officers were probably bent on a lawful and peaceful mission, but after the crew of island blacks, fired with an over-supply of rum, mutinied and killed all who opposed them, or forced them to take to the sea in a small boat—which was the wounded skipper's fate—the ship came under command of "Sandy McKay," a halfbreed whose native name was

KALPUTA, a cutthroat and would-be pirate, who promptly decided to emulate the career and exploits of the once notorious Captain Kidd. The only decent member of the crew, so far as conduct and attention to duty were concerned, was

LI SIN, the Chinese cook, who had little to say, but much do do. While Kalputa was bemoaning the fact that was no compass or chart aboard the ship, and was about to assault the Chinaman for throwing the captain's log book and papers overboard, a queer, seedy-looking figure appeared on deck. It was no apparition, but a man—a stowaway, as he explained. He said his name was anything they might be pleased to call him, but he was best known as

SCAR, Billy Scar, if they liked it better. Yes, he could sail a ship, or a craft, without chart or compass, if it came to a pinch.

A deadly quarrel ensued between Kalputa and Scar, which was stopped when a piratical-looking schooner, heavily manned by native blacks, was seen approaching the Bounty, the latter lying at anchor and safeguarded by only four of the Papuan, or negrito, sailors.

Kalputa ordered his Papuans into their long boat and they started back to the Bounty. The four sailors left to guard the ship were wildly excited. When the rakish-looking schooner drew nearer they plunged into the sea and swam desperately toward the shore, leaving Li Sin as sole defender of the ship. While a swarm of Captain Bernice's blacks clambered to the decks of the Bounty, a score or two of fierce-looking warriors directed their long boat toward Kalputa and his men, forcing them to turn back in a desperate effort to regain the island before being attacked. Soon they were pursued by two boatloads of natives. Kalputa and his crew leaped into the surf and reached shore by swimming. As they scrambled from the water a volley of shots and poisoned darts killed two of the Papuans and wounded others.

Scar sought his own hiding place, while Kalputa and his survivors found refuge elsewhere. The attack continued and other of Kalputa's men were killed. Scar was bombarded with stones as he crouched low in a deep hollow between huge rocks. One missile knocked him senseless. When he recovered he found himself a prisoner within a double circle of grinning blacks. They carried him to the beach and began gathering driftwood for a fire. Scar shouted for Captain Bernice, but his captors stifled his cries by gagging him with wet seaweed and leaves. Evidently he was to be burned alive at the stake.

Li Sin's life had been spared because he could cook. He drugged the captors' food and Scar escaped.

This story began in No. 19, the Ledger for May 13. Back copies may be obtained from our agents or newsdealers.

A Page for the Woman in the Home

VICTORIA GREY'S TALKS TO WOMEN

HOWDY, friends! This is a gloomy, dankling day, in spite of the springtime; a cold day such as loves to be spent in the chimney corner, baking one's visage and toasting one's eyelashes before a giant log fire. And, as we sit browsing in the fierce red-orange heat, all the pleasant people we have known file by in the dazzling depths of the grate.

What attractive people there are in the world! When I was in India, I met a great doctor who had just made a signal triumph by tracing a certain mental disease to a germ and actually finding that germ. Of course, interviews were being sought by newspapers and medical journals of every nation, and men elbowed and frowned at each other to gain admission into his presence. I was not at that time connected with any newspaper or magazine, but I met this Dr. Wright socially, thru a family of Americans I have known for years who were lifelong friends of the doctor's. Of course, I had prepared myself to meet a man who would scatter "words of wisdom" as an earl would scatter alms to beggars, who would detail the great offers he had had and the great personages he had consorted with, who would disparage Dr. Bonicourt and give a shrugging note of praise to Dr. Bleme. What an astonishingly delightful disappointment I had! For Dr. Wright and his wife never once, from the time we arrived until we waved a reluctant good-by—Dr. Wright and Mrs. Wright never once ceased in their endeavors to "bring us out," to talk about us, to ask our opinions about this and that, to make us feel, in short, that we were the attraction and the interesting people—and they, the greatly honored guests. Yet I'll wager there are no more than one great personage in a thousand great personages who would be thus courteous and regardful.

Another figure is that of a wee girl of 12. I never saw such high spirits continue so long in any one as in Gracea. I have occasion to see her once a week and—well, to talk of a whirlwind of enthusiasm but faintly expresses it. She holds an enthusiasm concerning, actually, everything in the entire world. She lives on her keenness for say, roller-skating; for making a song sound entrancing; for chopping carrots very fine for her mother. She has the faculty of absolutely creating an enthusiasm that is not a false enthusiasm for everything that is brought to her! As punishment for something, she was sent into a dark closet one day. She had been there ten minutes or so when we heard a buzzing sound issue from the closet door; a most intriguing sound, it was; it grew louder and softer, then rose to a high pitch and stopped abruptly. Then came the word, "London," uttered much as a conductor might utter "Main street."

Too curious to contain myself, I asked her mother if I could investigate. Upon gaining the consent and doing so, "I'm in a dark submarine," recited Gracea. "We just put off from London."

A third figure! Do you know Jacques May? He is the greatest of living poets, but of course you don't know that. I met him on board ship. He was scrubbing decks for his passage, and I caught him at playing the piano so divinely that I could not restrain my tears! Upon congratulating him, I found him to be an educated young man, a sensitive and refined young man and a boyishly, gypsy-like handsome young man. I was astounded. "Surely," said I, "you are acting out a huge jest that you scrub decks for your passage. You are somebody well-known in this world, I'm sure! Now I wonder who you could be?"

It seemed to bother him to talk about

(Continued on Page 11.)

AN IDEA FOR SUNDAY'S THREE MEALS

BREAKFAST.

Apple Sauce
Cereal and Cream
Bacon
Eggless Cornbread Coffee or Milk

DINNER.

Roast Beef Browned Potatoes
Creamed Cauliflower
Celery
Date Pudding

SUPPER.

Tomato Bisque
Toast Strips
Fruit Salad
Sandwiches and Cream Cheese Balls
Cocoa

Eggless Cornbread.

Three cups of cornmeal, one teaspoon salt, a little soda in sweet milk (or take milk and cream together) and four tablespoons melted lard. Don't bake it too thick. This recipe has been used for twenty-seven years.

Date Pudding.

Stir into a pint of boiling salted water enough Graham flour to make a thin mush. Add a cupful of chopped stoned dates, turn into a serving dish, and serve cold with sweetened whipped cream.

Sandwiches and Cheese Balls.

Cream cheese instead of being used as a filling for sandwiches may be served with them in the form of balls. In this case the sandwiches may be spread with a boiled syrup of sugar and water, mixed with chopped nuts.

DOMESTIC HINTS FOR THE HOUSEWIFE

ORANGES DELICIOUS

IF YOU asked a dozen of your friends what their favorite fruit is, wouldn't ten of them say "oranges." I wonder. Certainly most people like oranges, and most people would rather contemplate getting along without any other one fruit than without oranges. Probably some people would choose apples and others might choose one of the sasonal summer fruits. But most, doubtless, would say oranges.

Here are some good ways of using oranges, which at this between season of the year see the housekeeper thru a rather difficult season. For winter desserts seem heavy, and it is of course too soon to depend on any of the spring fruits for assistance in solving the dessert problem.

For one thing, there is orange jelly. For this remove the pulp from half a dozen oranges and mix with sugar to taste, a little lemon juice, and some finely cut candied fruit. Soak half a package of gelatine and then dissolve it in half a cup of boiling water, and add to the other mixture. Add a few chopped pecans and pour into small molds. Harden and unmold and serve with whipped cream or boiled custard.

Here is a recipe for a delicious orange pie. Squeeze the juice from two oranges and mix it with grated rind of one, add two cups of sugar, and three cups of milk, and heat in a double boiler. When hot, add, while stirring, two tablespoonfuls of cornstarch rubbed smooth in a little cold milk, take from the fire, and when partially cool, add two well-beaten eggs. Turn into a deep pie-tin lined with pastry and bake. Cover with meringue and return to the oven until puffed and brown.

FOR ORANGE PUDDING.

Mix one cupful of sugar, half a cupful of cracker-crumbs, two eggs well-beaten, a teaspoonful of melted butter, the grated rind and juice of an orange and four cupfuls of milk. Turn into a buttered tin, set into a pan of hot water, and bake for twenty or thirty minutes in a moderate oven. Serve cold.

THE RIGHT THING AT THE RIGHT TIME

CONVENIENCE IN FORGETTING

THERE is never any good reason why you should tell any one the least bit more about your own personal affairs than you wish to. It is a good plan if young men and women learn that at the outset of their business or social careers, for they are bound to meet people who are pumpers by nature.

Some people have a sort of mania for learning the financial affairs of their associates. They are not content until they know the approximate income of each of their neighbors. If you rent your house they manage to find out how much rent you pay and if you own it they find out sooner or later how much you paid for the house. If you have any sort of a fortune they like to know what it amounts to and how it is invested so they can make their record of your financial condition quite complete.

There are other people who make a hobby of collecting facts concerning the ages of their friends and associates. They never forget an age once they have learned it, and they have most ingenious ways of putting dates and chance remarks together so as to discover your age when you least suspect it. Others of a romantic turn like to ferret out your heart history. If they live long in the same town they become walking encylopaedias of the courtships and engagements, marriages and affinities of the neighborhood.

Now it may be that you have no secrets, that there is no reason why you should not have every one know that your income is exactly two thousand five hundred and sixty-eight dollars and thirty-two cents a year that you are 25 and that you were never engaged in your life except to the man you married, and never in love with any one else except John Smith who died without ever suspecting it. But the time might come and situations might arise where you would a little rather not have even these harmless facts matters of common knowledge. Really they are no one's business but your own.

Without being secretive you can always avoid too great confidences. It is always possible, if you will, simply to plead ignorance or forgetfulness when prying persons ask questions that are impertinent.

What Your Name Signifies

Facts about its history; its meaning; whence it was derived; your lucky day and lucky jewel.

BY MILDRED MARSHALL

MAUDE

MAUDE, signifying "mighty battle maid," was interchanged in former times with Mathilda, the first instance of its double use being the daughter of Henry I., who was known by both names. But this is not its etymological origin, since Maude was primarily a man's name. But Mald, Maald and Mauld appear early as feminine names, also Mahald, and Mahalt. The twelfth century reveals a woman named Mahald vel Mathilda, about whom little is known.

Mathild was the wife of Emperor Henry the Fowler, who afterward became the sainted abbess of Quedlingburg; another Mechtild was canonized after being abbess of Adilstetten, and her name became very popular among French maidens. It was Countess Mathilda, a friend of Gregory VII. in Italy, whose bequest was one of the Pope's first steps to the temporal power and who is introduced by Dante in the flowery fields of Paradise.

Mahault, so called by the Flemish, was the wife of William the Conqueror, who brought the name to England, where the Normans called it Molde and the Scottish-Saxon Eadgyth was made to assume it, whereupon it became the reigning royal name. Maude was the Norman contraction and the most fashionable today, tho Mathilda, used by Spenser for one of the maidens in his "Faerie Queen," is really the correct name. Tilly, Tilda, Mechtild, and Melchel are some of the derivatives.

Many poets have felt inspiration at the name. "Maud Muller" is known to every one; likewise this excerpt from the musical lyric, "Maud:"

"Maud with her exquisite face,
And wild voice pealing up to sunny sky,
And feet like sunny gems on an English green,
Maud in the light of her youth and her grace,
Singing of Death and of Honor that can not die,
Till I well could weep for a time so sordid and mean,
And myself so languid and base."

Maude's talismanic jewel is malachite, which is said to warn its wearer of approaching danger by breaking. To be specially lucky it should be engraved with an image of the sun, which by its dazzling light drives out all evil spirits that work in darkness. Wednesday is her lucky day and 6 her lucky number. Old superstition has it that a bit of malachite tied to a child's cradle will drive away evil and insure sound and peaceful sleep for the occupant.

Next Week: SYLVIA. Watch for It.

Other departments of interest to woman and her children will be found on pages 2, 11 and 26

More of a Story by the Creator of Keeneyes.

THE HEIR

By John Breckenridge Ellis

Just Outside Stood Dollie.

What Has Gone Before

RICHARD OVERSTREET, clerk in a Chicago freight office, was approached by an old, gray-bearded man, the latest guest at the cheap boarding-house where Overstreet made his home, with a proposition that fairly took his breath away. The old man, a farmer, according to his own statements, offered Richard $5,000 cash to quit his freight house job, the money to be placed in his hand at once—on certain conditions, which were these: Richard was merely to be legally adopted as the old man's grandson and change his name to Travis—Richard Travis. Furthermore, he would be the sole heir to the aged farmer's estate, easily worth $40,000 more, he said.

JUD TRAVIS, 70 years old and a bachelor, considered none of his many relatives on the Travis side worthy of any of his money or holdings. In fact, some of them were scheming rascals, not to be trusted under any circumstances.

Richard accepted the proposition and received the $5,000 cash, after going to Indianapolis, Mo., to investigate "Old Jud" Travis' standing in that rural community, something like Jud had done concerning Overstreet before making his strange proposition. A day or two later Richard—now a Travis, legally—and the old man were back on Jud's farm. After the fourth day of living together as Travis and Travis, Jud returned to Chicago, on business, he said.

SAMPSON, a fisherman and employe of the old farmer, came over daily to do the cooking and farm chores. During Jud's absence there arrived at the farm, in a big touring car,

PETER TRAVIS, a veritable giant in stature, and his niece-in-law,

DOLLIE TRAVIS, as pretty a girl as most any young man would wish to see. "Uncle Peter" proved to be a loud-voiced, boastful sort of a person, and he proceeded to make himself "at home," despite Richard's oft-repeated admonition that the small house contained no sleeping accommodations for them—not even sufficient bedding.

"Huh!" exclaimed the huge visitor, "we always bring our own beds when we come here."

When Richard and Dollie had become good friends, and were getting along very nicely with the necessary housework, Peter returned from a drive about the country, bringing startling news. Sampson the fisherman had tipped it off, he said, that the "Rogers gang" was hovering about, and as these ruffians were Travises by blood relation and closest heirs to Jud's property, it wouldn't be healthy for Richard if they got wind of his adoption by "Uncle" Jud Travis.

"There's three of them, and they're coming here, so Sampson tells me!" was big Peter's further warning.

VII.

MORE UNWELCOME GUESTS.

DURING the days that followed, Richard and Dollie became better friends. Dollie's uncle declared his intention to protract their visit until the return of cousin Jud Travis, which opened up, to the adopted heir, a most pleasing vista of companionship with the girl who had so wholly conquered his imagination. In the intimacy of housekeeping they had many conversations, during which they drew closer together, tho he felt that his position was such as to make love between them a far-off possibility.

He wanted to know everything about the three Rogers brothers, to whom Peter Travis referred as the "gangsters," and, in particular, how the fisherman had known of their proposed visit. "Is the hired man in league with the rascals?" he wanted to know.

It appeared that whenever the Rogers men came on a visit to the neighborhood—presumably in order to examine the health of old Jud Travis, whose property they expected to inherit—they were never admitted to the house, hence sought sleeping quarters with the fisherman, about a mile away. "They sent him word," Peter explained, "that he might look for them just any time. They are violent, quarrelsome devils; I say so tho they're our fourth cousins. That puts 'em far enough off, however; to give 'em a right perspective, and, looking at 'em, I see they are cold-blooded villains. They'll do for you, all right, if they get wind of your adoption."

"As to my adoption," Richard declared, looking at Dollie, "there is something more to be said."

When he was alone with her, he explained: "I've made up my mind, Dollie, that I shall take none of Jud Travis' money, except just enough to pay me for my time and trouble in warding off the Rogers gang. But in order to protect the old fellow, this must be kept a profound secret. When he dies, his property comes to me. Well, I shall quietly pass it over to you to whom it belongs by every right—except the accident of birth that has made you one degree farther removed from Jud Travis than the Rogers tribe. So you won't have to marry me—in order to better your condition."

The confidence with which she accepted his declaration that he did not mean to keep the property after it came into his hands, showed how far she had traveled in her regard for him. She believed his words as sincerely as he believed them, and her uncle, not suspecting their secret understanding, or rather, misinterpreting it, beamed upon them with great joviality.

On the tenth day from Jud Travis' departure, they looked for his return, since he was a man of strict accounting, and he had said he would be back in a week or ten days. All three went in Peter Travis' big touring car to meet the morning train. It was an hour late, and they spent the time shopping adventurously in the village. The snow was all gone, the sun was shining, and Dollie was prettier than ever. Richard found it a satisfactory world.

When the train came in, Mr. Jud Travis was not on it. "I suppose," Richard said cheerfully, "he'll come this evening on the 6 o'clock local." He was in no hurry for the old man to cut short the visit of Peter Travis and Dollie.

When they reached the farm gate, after a swift passage over the hard-frozen dirt road, Peter Travis cried in his loud voice, "Hello! Somebody's been thru here—I know I latched the gate when we left.'"

Richard felt a vague sense of uneasiness. Altho the morning had been for him a most delightful one, he wished he had stayed at home while the others went to meet the master of the place. As soon as they made the turn in the road that wound up thru the meadow, Dollie exclaimed, "There's an auto standing behind the house!"

Richard asked, "Could Mr. Travis have come home in a car?"

"He could do anything, Cousin Jud could," observed Peter.

When they glided into the yard the house door opened; a burly, short-necked fellow came out on the porch, followed by another and still another. All were burly, all were short-necked. It would have been difficult to decide which of the three appeared most powerful, or most treatening.

"Ha!" ejaculated Peter Travis; but, for once, his voice was singularly low and subdued—"the Rogers brothers, our hostile cousins."

Richard jumped from the car and marched to the house. "How did you get into that house?" he demanded sternly. "It was left securely locked."

"We broke open the door," one of them answered. "I'm Jasper Rogers and these are my brothers. You don't have to bother with learning their names, as I'm their spokesman, and Jasper Rogers is all you'll have use for."

"I have no use for you," retorted Rich-

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ard. "You will leave this place at once and never set foot on it again, unless you have Mr. Jud Travis' permission."

Jasper Rogers glared at Richard, reminding him of an infuriated animal, then said: "All right—come on, boys, pile into the machine and let's be off. The heir-apparent has no use for us, it seems."

Richard was so amazed at his easy victory that he was struck speechless. Dumbly he watched the brothers chug away in their old roadster.

When they were gone Peter Travis, who had been too paralyzed with amazement and alarm to stir, lifted his huge bulk from his car. "How did you do it?" he rumbled, open-mouthed.

"I just set my eye on 'em," replied Richard, swallowing his surprise.

"You are the bravest man I ever met," Dollie murmured, resting her hand upon Richard's arm as they moved toward the porch.

"Yes, you're brave all right," Peter agreed, "and I can see that Dollie loves you for it. But do you think those cutthroats won't come back? They either don't know, yet, that you've been adopted, or they didn't want Dollie here as a witness to what might have happened."

Richard smiled an assurance he hardly felt. "Anyway, I had you for an ally, and none of them are so big as you."

Peter's tone was unaccountably surly. "Don't count on me to get you out of your troubles," he muttered, darkly, not looking up.

VIII.

RICHARD STANDS GUARD.

WHEN it approached the time to meet the evening train, Richard was resolute in his determination to stay at the house in order to prevent the intrusion of the Rogers gang. "I owe it to Mr. Jud Travis to keep them off the place."

"Then we'll all stay and let Cousin Jud get here the best way he can," Peter declared; "for it's too dangerous to leave you here alone. Those three bullies will make mincemeat of you."

Richard, however, insisted on being left alone. He had found the best way of enhancing himself in Dollie's eyes.

"I hate to leave you to your fate," Peter said as he drove away, "but we'll be back just as soon as possible." Small comfort, that, since his declaration that he did not mean to fight on either side!

Left alone, Richard felt to the full the loneliness of his situation. Revolver in hand he took up his place at the front window, tho occasionally he inspected the approaches from the rear lest he be taken by surprise. At the same time he felt a little foolish. The Rogers gang, tho fierce-looking, had been as docile as sheep.

The giant Travis and his niece had been gone perhaps half an hour when Richard saw something moving in the woods toward the open country. It was an automobile, feeling its way toward the highway from the direction of the river, and as it came out into the bright glare of the setting sun, he recognized it as the roadster in which the enemy had made his former invasion of the premises. The powerful fellow had broken off the lock in forcing the door that morning, and there was no way to fasten it against intruders.

Richard examined his weapon, tho of course he had already assured himself of its condition, and, with grim face, waited to be besieged.

As the car approached thru the meadow he discovered that there were four men in it. Apparently the ruffians had gone after reinforcements. By the time the car stopped at the stile-block, he recognized the fourth man as Sampson, the fisherman, who came every morning to do the necessary feeding and milking, a man naturally so taciturn and gloomy of mein that Richard had never been able to excite in him any show of friendliness.

Leaving the car outside the yard, the four men climbed the stile-block and came across the barren lawn with the fisherman in the lead.

Richard went to the door, flung it wide open, and stood ready to oppose their entrance.

"Don't come any nearer," Richard challenged them, "or I shall certainly fire. You are trespassers, and I am within my rights in ordering you off Mr. Travis' premises."

"Young man," returned the surly fisherman, "these fellers ain't here to do you no harm. All they want is shelter for the night, and they brung me along to speak for 'em. My wife and I haven't got room at our shack to bed three men of their heft, and that's the fact."

"This house is fully occupied," returned Richard, uneasily surprised that Sampson should make such a request, knowing Jud Travis' antipathy for the Rogers brothers.

"That's all right," said the biggest of the three men under Sampson's guidance. "You may remember that my name's Jasper Rogers. My brothers here has each a name to himself, but they needn't concern you, as all your dealings with them will come thru me."

"I expect to have no dealings with any of you," observed Richard.

"Young gent," said Jasper Rogers impressively, "what do you think we're here for? Is it likely we'd drive up to this place in the broad-open daylight to try any harm on a young gent that our cousin Jud has taken under his wing? Or is it likely that your friend Sampson, cousin Jud's hired hand, would ask you to take us in if he imagined, if he even dreamed, that cousin Jud wouldn't like it? Now, if cousin Jud's man vouches for us, why should you object? We are here all the way from Texas to see cousin Jud, who is coming back today or tomorrow, so cousin Peter Travis tells us."

Richard was struck dumb by these words. Peter Travis had been absent from the house most of the afternoon; could he have been visiting his hated relatives at the fisherman's cabin?

"Cousin Pete says him and his niece are leaving you this evening, so there will be plenty of room for us. We've come a long ways. We haven't got no money for to go to the hotel, for all the Travises are dog-poor except cousin Jud. Have a heart, young gent. Me and my brothers look tough, maybe, but that's from our poor way of living, and no fault of ours. We'd be as groomed up as you or anybody else, had we a nice house to stay in."

In spite of the man's pugnacious aspect, his voice was so wheedling, so childlike in its pleading that it was hard for Richard to keep from laughing. He put away his pistol, but still kept his place before the threshold.

"The house is full, gentlemen. I haven't been given the slightest intimation that Mr. Peter Travis and his niece-in-law think of leaving."

"They're going away, all right," growled Sampson.

"Listen!" exclaimed one of the other Rogers brothers, "I hear an auto coming from town."

Jasper Rogers turned upon him fiercely. "You shut up. Am I at the head of this thing, or am I not? It ain't for you to hear nothing, or say nothing. This young gent knows me as Jasper Rogers, and it's all he cares to know about us."

AN AUTOMOBILE sped up to the stile-block, the same that had gone to the station to meet the train. Out lumbered Peter Travis.

"By Solomon the Wise!" he boomed, "if the young man isn't keeping you fellows out in the icy blast when he has a good fire inside! Come on, boys—come, Sampson, come, Richard, let us go in and be comfy. There has been a little misunderstanding, that's all."

Richard glanced toward the big touring car. It was empty. "Where is Dollie?" he could not help asking.

"I'll explain in a word when we're inside. Come on, boys."

Richard felt that he had sufficient grounds for hope that everything was all right. It seemed unreasonable that the hired hand should act flagrantly against his employer's known wishes. And what motive could "the gang" have for injuring him? Even granting that they were as murderously disposed as they looked, to kill him as the heir would not secure them Jud Travis' property. How could they hope to commit such a crime without discovery, or that by committing it they could prevent Jud Travis from disposing of his money as he pleased?

He pondered these grewsome thoughts as they sat about the fire—for it was impossible to keep the five men out of the house, and he feared an effort to do so would change the surly quiet of the Rogers brothers to dangerous rage.

The explanation that Peter Travis offered was evasive, but Richard pretended to be satisfied with it. As Jud Travis hadn't come on the evening train, Dollie was unwilling to wait for him any longer, and had gone back to Kansas City, leaving her "good-bys and compliments" to her host.

"I shall put out in my car after supper," Peter said. "I'm like Dollie, I can't wait any longer. Look here, Travis, I spoke pretty sharp about these fellows, didn't I? Fact is, I've heard a lot of lies about 'em, and I was half scared to death this morning when I saw 'em boiling out of the house like yeast a-working. But I trotted over to Sampson's after dinner and had a long talk with 'em. They're all right. I'll underwrite 'em, so just go ahead."

The fisherman spoke up loudly. "They are the straight goods, I'll say they are!"

Richard was too genuinely disappointed over the abrupt departure of Dollie to give much heed to the dark looks and guttural mutterings of the two Rogers brothers whose names it was unnecessary to learn. The fisherman went back home at dusk, and Peter Travis packed his touring car with the cot and bedding which a week before had been given such ungracious welcome. Tho Richard had never felt the slightest degree of congeniality in his presence, he was sorry to see him go, not only because he was associated, however disagreeably, with Dollie, but because his going seemed to leave him so hopelessly alone with the gang.

They sat about the fireplace without saying a word until the young man could endure the strain no longer. "Good night," he started up with unwonted irritation. "I'm going to my room. As Mr. Travis took the key to his room with him, and as there is no extra bedroom, I'm afraid you'll find the night a long one."

"Never mind," returned Jasper Rogers. "Cousin Judson will be here in the morning sure, and we can afford to sit up all night just for the sight of his loving face. Good night, young gentleman, and whatever you do, don't worry about us."

As Richard ascended to his room he was thinking, "Dollie should at least have given me a hint that she might leave suddenly. She might at least have told me good-by." Then he recalled that Dollie had rather insisted on his going with them to meet the train, but no—he had declared his fixed resolve to stand guard over the house. Much good that had done! He reached his room, still thinking of Dollie. The three men left watching below were but shadows on his brain, disagreeable, but unimportant.

Finding himself wakeful, he kindled a fire and tried, by reading, to forget the oppressive senses of disappointment caused by what he regarded as Dollie's indifference. The struggle between getting her out of his thoughts and fastening his thoughts to the book, was so exhausting that he was thrown into troubled sleep.

When he roused himself, it was with the impression that he had heard a stealthy footstep. Was that a figment from his dreams, or had a heavy tread really awakened him? The fire had burned down to glowing coals. A hasty glance at his watch told him that it was nearing midnight.

He shrugged, telling himself that one of the unwelcome guests might have left his chair in the front room. Then the reflection that the man might be prowling about the house, possibly near his room, caused an uneasy sense of mystery. He remembered much more vividly the evil things Peter Travis had hinted concerning the Rogers brothers than the good things he had uttered just before leaving. The scowling red faces and thick necks of the three men rose

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No. 1291.—Ladies' House Dress. Cut in sizes 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 4⅞ yards 36-inch material with ¾ yard 32-inch contrasting. Price 12 cents.

No. 9267.—Ladies' and Misses' Middy Blouse. Cut in sizes 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 3¼ yards 36-inch material with 10¼ yards braid. Price 12 cents.

No. 8843.—Stout Ladies' Waist. Cut in sizes 42, 44, 46, 48, 50 and 52 inches bust measure. Size 46 requires 2½ yards 40-inch material. Price 12 cents.

No. 9600.—Ladies' Apron. Cut in sizes 36, 40 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 2¾ yards 32-inch material with 8⅝ yards binding. Price 12 cents.

No. 9805.—Ladies' and Misses' Bloomers. Cut in sizes 24, 28, 32 and 36 inches waist measure. Size 28 requires 2¼ yards 36-inch material. Price 12 cents.

No. 1287.—Child's Bloomer Dress. Cut in sizes 2, 4, 6 and 8 years. Size 4 requires 2¼ yards 36-inch material with 4¼ yards binding. Price 12 cents.

No. 1358.—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Cut in sizes 16 years, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 3½ yards 40-inch material. Price 12 cents.

Transfer Pattern **No. 608**—in blue only—10c extra.

No. 9819.—Ladies' House Dress. Cut in sizes 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 3⅝ yards 36-inch material with ⅞ yard 36-inch contrasting and 7¼ yards binding. Price 12 cents.

No. 9504.—Girls' Combination. Cut in sizes 2, 4, 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 8 requires 1½ yards 36-inch material. Price 12 cents.

No. 1048.—Ladies' Dress. Cut in sizes 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 4 yards 36-inch material with 4¾ yards braid or binding. Price 12 cents.

No. 8349.—Boys' Suit. Cut in sizes 2, 4 and 6 years. Size 4 requires 2¼ yards 36-inch with ⅝ yard 36-inch contrasting. Price 12 cents.

No. 9902.—Child's Dress. Cut in sizes 2, 4, 6 and 8 years. Size 4 requires 1⅝ yards 36-ineh material with ⅛ yard 32-inch contrasting. Price 12 cents.

No. 1301.—Ladies' House Dress. Cut in sizes 36, 40 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 3⅞ yards 36-inch material with ½ yard 36-inch contrasting. Price 12 cents.

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Inclosed find..... Send me the Patterns listed below:

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Inclose stamps or coin (each pattern is 12 cents). Wrap coins carefully.

before him, and instinctively he glanced toward the door.

The key was gone. He distinctly remembered locking the door, of course leaving the key in the lock. He rubbed his eyes, started to his feet, and was across the room in two steps. Yes, the door was locked—and the key was in the lock.

But the key was on the outside. What magic had reversed its position? What motive?

IX.

OMINOUS MIDNIGHT MUSINGS.

RICHARD stood at the door listening intently, hearing nothing. At the same time he was thinking with lightning rapidity. The fact that the key had been removed from the lock and transferred to the outside, told him that the Rogers brothers were in reality the desperate gang that Peter Travis had originally painted them: Expert craftsmen with tools that open doors and safes contrary to the rules of any honest game. They were skilled burglars, without doubt, and that they should lock him in his room confirmed the malignant glances with which they had honored him a few hours before.

He was sure that Peter Travis had been perfectly sincere in denouncing them as cut-throats. What had happened to league them together in their designs upon him? Evidently Dollie had been sent away that they might work their plot upon him. But why?

It was baffling, but the locked door was too easily understood. It told him that he must escape even tho he might not guess from what he was escaping. The door was a heavy one. But even if he were able to burst it open, the noise would bring the enemy storming up the stairs. He tiptoed to the window, cautiously raised it, and examined the prospect. Directly beneath was a window of the front room. The shade had been rolled up, light poured out upon the wintry scene. He could not let himself down by an improvised rope without plunging into the fatal brilliancy of the lighted room. No doubt one of the ruffians was on guard at the window, to cut off his escape in that direction, else the shade would not have been raised.

The room had only one door, only one window. Snatching up the pistol which might have spared him this dilemma, had not Peter and the fisherman thrown him off his guard, he thrust head and shoulders out the window. He was looking to discover if it were possibly by skilful climbing, to get to the ground without thrusting his body into the streaming light of the downstairs window. Was there not some ledge, some cornice, some water-pipe to assist him?

None.

He drew in his head, and stood thinking intently. He must make a rope of some sort, he thought, and try to swing himself as far to one side as possible before dropping to the ground. He might be shot at, but in any alternative there was danger. To stay in the room till they should come to have their way with him was out of the question.

He tiptoed to the bed to drag off the sheets. While he was busy with them, he seemed to hear a cautious sound at his door. It came again—a knocking or scratching, but so subdued that it might have passed for the sighing of the wind. He stared at the window which in spite of the cold had been left open, but the sound was not that of the wind.

He went to the door, grasping his weapon tensely. With a light touch he moved the doorknob to let it be known that he was there. It was his thought that possibly the fisherman, certainly in Jud Travis' confidence, might have come to warn him of danger.

A voice, the merest whisper, came thru the crevice of the door: "Richard!" The key on the outside turned in the lock.

Richard, tingling at the possibilities suggested by the voice, opened the door. Just outside stood Dollie in cloak, muffler, hat and gloves.

"Put out the light," she whispered, "and come—don't make the least noise." Her face, her tones, left no doubt of the seriousness of his position. Without waiting for him to answer, she added, "You will need your overcoat and overshoes—quick!"

Richard stole to the light, extinguished it, and almost at once was groping at the door. He found her hand and it caught his firmly to draw him along the dark hall. In silence he followed down the backstairs into the kitchen. Not a ray of light was to be seen on the way, but the distant muttering of voices told him that the ruffians in the front room were awake, probably plotting against him.

When they were outside of the house, she released his hand. Tho the night was dark, the hard-crusted snow made them vaguely perceptible to one another. Dollie was always in the lead, as one who knew the premises better than he; she realized the pitfalls that beset him, whereas to him all seemed a preposterous extravaganza of romance. They made a detour of the front yard, thus escaping the light from the house, and came to the big road.

"We must reach town as soon as possible," she told him, at last speaking above a whisper, yet still below her ordinary tones.

"But it is five miles," he protested. "You cannot walk so far thru the snow. I will take you to the nearest neighbor's, only a mile down the road, and leave you there. But I shall not stay myself, for there is only one man on the place and I should be getting him into trouble, no doubt. Surely I must have been in danger of my life or you would not have risked so much to save me."

"You are in danger of your life," she assured him, as they walked briskly, but not without difficulty, along the rutted road, with its inequalities of snowdrift. "Yes, I'll stop at the farm you mean, for I know those people. And you will go on to town?"

He evaded the question, in the warm assurances of his gratitude. His heart was profoundly touched when he learned the extent of her danger incurred in his behalf. While telling her story, not once did they lessen their efforts to make all possible speed.

WHEN Dollie and Peter Travis went to the station to meet the train that should have brought back Jud Travis from his ten days' absence, there had been with her no other thought than that they would take him to the farmhouse where Richard awaited their coming. But when the old man stepped from the day coach——"

"What!" Richard interrupted her story in amazement, "has Mr. Travis come back?" Unaccountably the palely visible road grew more lonely to him at this intelligence. The moaning of the wind seemed more agonized, and the trees loomed up with increased ghostliness.

As soon as the old man was discovered, Peter Travis had turned abruptly to his niece—they were still sitting in the automobile near the station-platform—and said, "You are to take this train back to Kansas City. I'll pack up everything, and come after you later." And he produced a ticket, evidently purchased that morning while they were waiting for the morning train, and shopping in the little stores.

Dollie had never disobeyed the positive commands of her uncle. Not so much because she lacked courage had she followed his wishes, but because without his protection she would have been cast upon the world. It did not occur to her to disobey now. Peter Travis put her on the train. Old Jud Travis got into his automobile without a word—it was strangely as if all had been arranged beforehand—and the automobile sped back along the outlying street, as if on its way to the Jud Travis farm.

Dollie, seated at one of the car windows that overlooked the platform, tried to grasp the significance of all this, tried to persuade herself that nothing unusual was involved. But she was uneasy. And at the height of her uneasiness, she discovered some one she knew, a tall gaunt woman, over whose head was held a heavy red shawl. The woman was Lucy Sampson, the fisherman's wife. On previous visits to Cousin Jud's, Dollie had grown acquainted with the woman, and had learned to trust her far more than the husband.

The woman, catching sight of her, climbed the steps, and Dollie pushed her way to the platform to greet her, for

(Continued on Page 21.)

Victoria Grey's Talks to Women

(Continued From Page 8)

himself. He told me his name and stated that he was no one of importance and then began to demonstrate something on the piano. "For years I have wondered how that effect was produced and I just discovered it a week ago!"

While he was playing, a little notebook fell out of his pocket. Eagerly I snatched it up.

"Now I shall discover who you are," I said.

I proceeded to read the most gripping, exquisite, ardent poetry I have ever, ever read—and I've read most of the poets!

"Why, boy!" I exclaimed. "Send these to a publisher and your fortune is made!"

"I know it," he said, coolly. "I don't care to make a fortune."

I gasped.

"I'm having too much fun the way I am," he tried to make clear. Then seeing I did not yet grasp his meaning, "I don't want name or fame or fortune or that stuff. Gee! I want to be tolerated for myself, not for possible fame or money."

"I wouldn't commercialize these things, anyway," he added, taking the notebook and pocketing it. "Life is Romance. It isn't gain!"

And so, Jacques May sends me a lovely letter about once a year. It is always from some strange port or quaint inland town. It is always full of engaging experiences. Once I answered his letter asking him why he did not write his adventures and make a novel.

"I prefer," said he in reply, "to live my experiences rather than write them."

These attractive people were followed by others of whom I shall tell you the next rainy day when I have time to watch the monstrous flames writhe in the fireplace.

WHAT IS YOUR PROBLEM?

Editor's Note: Have you a peculiar problem of the heart that is vexing you? Are you puzzled as to the rule to follow in some social event in which you are to participate? Do you wish specialized information on any subject? Do you wish to consult some one upon any phase of painting, sculpture, music, the stage, or writing? Do you want to ask a question concerning beauty culture?

If so, you are invited to put your question to Victoria Grey. The chief condition of publication in the column which will appear on Page 2 is that it shall be of general interest—one that all of us may read with profit to our understanding. Only your initials will be published in our columns, or, if you prefer, your pseudonym as it appears at the bottom of your letter.

Victoria Grey, born and reared on a farm, has been in turn a successful portrait and landscape painter, a successful actress—starring on Broadway, and a successful musician. In the many short-stories and widely published novels which have flowed from her pen she has constructed literally thousands of heart problems and other kinds, too, and solved them all for her readers.

If you are beset with any kind of a problem just send it in to Victoria Grey, care of the Ledger, and if of general interest you will find it answered in Victoria Grey's new department, to appear soon on Page 2.

* * *

Stretching Gloves.

TO STRETCH kid gloves when new, place them between the folds of a damp towel for about an hour before they are to be worn.

Shall They Suffer

as you did from film on teeth

Pepsodent is largely for the coming generation. It brings to adults whiter teeth, new protection. But to children it means a new dental era.

Your teeth, perhaps, have always been film-coated, save right after dental cleaning. The luster has been dimmed by film. Film has caused decay, no doubt, despite your daily brushing.

Now dental authorities urge you to fight film. Above all, have your children fight it daily in this scientific way.

Makes teeth dingy

Modern science traces most tooth troubles to a film—to that viscous film you feel. It clings to teeth, enters crevices and stays.

It absorbs stains, making the teeth look dingy. Film is the basis of tartar. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Germs breed by millions in it. Pyorrhea, and many other serious troubles, are chiefly caused by those germs and by tartar.

Dental science has for years been seeking a way to daily combat that film. It is the teeth's great enemy.

Two ways now found

Two effective film combatants have been found. Able authorities have subjected them to many careful tests. Dental science now approves them, and leading dentists, here and abroad, urge their daily use.

A new-day tooth paste has been perfected, complying with modern requirements. It is called Pepsodent. And these two film-combating methods are embodied in it.

Also starch deposits

Starch deposits also attack teeth. In fermenting they form acids.

Nature puts a starch digestant in the saliva. It puts alkalis there to neutralize the acids.

Pepsodent multiplies that starch digestant, also the alkalinity. Thus Nature's teeth-protecting forces are multiplied.

Thus twice a day, in all these ways, Pepsodent combats the enemies of teeth.

Watch the added beauty

Send the coupon for a ten-day test. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth whiten as the film-coats disappear.

The lasting benefits appear more slowly. But all who love clean, glistening teeth will see effects at once. And the book we send explains the reasons for them. Cut out the coupon now.

Pepsodent PAT. OFF. REG. U.S.

The New-Day Dentifrice

The scientific film combatant, approved by modern authorities and now advised by leading dentists everywhere. Each use brings five desired effects. All druggists supply the large tubes.

10-Day Tube Free 833

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY,
Dept. 975, 1104 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to

.....

.....

Only one tube to a family.

The Plot Thickens in

A Double-headed Conspiracy

by Horace Howard Herr

CHAPTER XII.

WHEN it comes to really amounting to something, women are like engines in several particulars. In the first place, it is never safe to judge either by the paint. I've seen many an engine come from the shop glistening like the gold money you used to get for your pay check in the far West. Judged on the basis of paint and gold letters and shining brass trimmings that bullgine looked as if it would make a mile a minute with tonnage 10 per cent over its rating. But when you got the battleship on the main line its netting would stop up, it would leak at the mud ring and blow at the cylinder packing and, after you had set out loads on every passing track half way across a division, you finally would have to crawl in on some siding and send for another engine, with less paint, to pull you in. Then I've seen some engines which looked as if they were less than one round trip from the scrap pile yank thirty cars of porterhouse steak on the hoof over a mountain division on passenger schedule and be ready to double back with a coal drag as soon as treated to a drink of water.

After that session with Miss Buraleen I began to suspect that I'd been judging the engine by the paint without having in mind that paint doesn't hurt a good engine and doesn't help a poor one. I believe the saying is that beauty is but skin deep. Paint is on the outside of the skin and has nothing to do with the machinery.

THIS was the thought that was sloshing about in my think-dome as I escorted Miss Buraleen to the street by way of the woman's entrance. As I retraced my steps to pick up Billy Barber my thoughts jumped over on to a certain general manager of a large and growing railroad and his willingness to pay real money to have his picture printed. The more I thought about it the more convinced I became that Mac was going to be mighty considerate and good from that day on. Never again would he start to rawhide me as he had in other days; no more remarks from him about the day when, as a student brakeman, I tried to get a bucket of water from the air hose on the end of a box car; no more fine sarcasm about what I didn't know of railroading! I had Mac just where I wanted him and I knew right then that our declining years were going to be quiet and peaceful—as far as Mac was concerned.

"Did you get an earful?" I asked Billy when he joined me in the lobby.

"I'm the best listener in this county," Billy replied, "but I don't understand the game."

"Did you hear what she said about Mac being so anxious to get into print that he——"

"Yes, I got that," Billy replied as a broad grin spread over his face. "Mac's the last fellow one would expect to be so vain."

"Say, Billy, I'll tell you something, in strict confidence. Mac, in spite of being the general manager of a big railroad and in spite of the fact that he owns the controlling interest in a regular copper mine, is just human. In the absence of the ladies, Billy, I'll forget the proprieties of good breeding, as Pat would say, and admit to you that Mac is so human at times that he's just a common, garden variety of d—n fool, tho I can lick anybody who says so in public."

Billy laughed at that and, as we stepped out on the street and I began to look for a taxi, he asked:

"What's in the air? Do you really mean there is a chance of Mac losing control?"

"If we don't get back that stock certificate it is a lead pipe cinch that Mac won't be general manager of the Continental after the next stockholders' meeting and that comes off before our next pay day."

"Then it is up to us to get the stock certificate," Billy said with a finality worthy a bandit who has just decided that the mail train must be robbed. "Tell me about this deal."

I was terribly humilitated after we got in a taxi because I had to let Billy know just how matters stood, what an egotistical ass Mac was. Of course, I felt very peevish with Mac for getting us in such a scrape, and, perhaps, I rubbed it in a little when I was telling Billy about it. Billy laughed a good deal and while it hurt me to have even Billy laughing at our family I couldn't help but grin occasionally myself. The thought of a picture and write-up of Mac as one of the self-made captains of industry is awfully funny if you can see it from where I was sitting at that moment. I don't care who the self-made captain is, you don't have to walk around him more than once to find the woman who kept him from being a gutter bum. Mac wouldn't have been a corporal in the industrial army if it hadn't been for Kate, and the big stiff knows it. The proprieties of modesty, as Pat would say, precludes the possibility of me mentioning another person who had a good deal

"If You Prefer, We Will Print a Picture of You in a Plug Hat for Two Thousand Dollars."

to do in keeping Mac out of the bread line.

I had explained the whole layout to Billy Barber and made it as plain as the blueprint on a terminal property as we loafed along in the taxi. Youth never has a perspective on life! As evidence of his lack of understanding of the seriousness of this situation, Billy's sole comment was:

"Well, we'll have to do one of two things; get that stock certificate or prevent the meeting of the stockholders."

Having got that sage advice off his chest what did he do but load on me a new and a real worry.

"I don't care who controls the Continental Railroad," he began as a preface to his lecture. "I'm not going to set in on this game much longer. It isn't fair to Miss Patricia and, besides, I'm not going to go into the movies. Imagine me as an actor!"

"You've played your role first-class so far," I assured him. "You've met the young woman, she's interested in you, got you a job, and now, the least you can do, unless you want her to think you are an ingrate and a quitter, is to make good on the job she got for you."

"I haven't got the job yet," he said sullenly. "I'm not sure I'll keep the appointment this afternoon."

"I'll just give you a straight tip," I replied, seeing that I'd have to resort to a firm if not a violent policy. "Pat has one prejudice that starts in her toes and runs all thru her to her hair; she'll never marry a man with money if she knows it before the ceremony——"

"I'll not have you talking to me of matrimony in that way!" Billy exclaimed. "It isn't right and——"

"All right, have it your way. But if you don't keep that date and get that job and make good I'm going to tell Pat just how much money you have and I'm giving you fair warning, she has made up her mind to have nothing to do with the idle rich. It doesn't make much difference who controls a railroad and, as far as I'm concerned, you can forget about Mac's troubles because he hasn't any. He just thinks he has. But you'd better think twice before you decide to drive Pat McKearney into matrimony with some poor but honest fellow and force her to take in washing and do scrub work and——"

"There are times when every man ought to be serious," Billy protested.

Who's Who in the Railroad Drama

HARDIN M'KEARNEY, General Manager of the Continental Line's Western divisions, and stockholder as well; expert railroad man who began his career as fireman on freight trains, when his big dinner paid frequently contained nothing more substantial than stale air.

KATE M'KEARNEY, the General Manager's wife, who as a healthy, jovial girl had been the life and mascot of a certain popular railroad restaurant; cashier she was, but never too proud to hand a humble railroad lad a slab o' pie and a smile.

PATRICIA M'KEARNEY, just graduated from a young ladies' seminary; full of big and noble ideas; anxious to "democratize our democracy" and to aid the Midnight Missions in "rescuing the perishing;" a good girl who always meant well.

HARDIN JACKSON M'KEARNEY, just out of college, whose mind ran principally to golf, bulldogs and cigarettes, but willing to master the railroad game **from the top down;** believed he could start as master bridge builder, if the governor would say the word; but the governor wouldn't say it.

JACKSON REILLY, assistant to the General Manager; was rear brakeman when Mac, Sr., fired the big freight hogs; knew and admired Kate in the old, grimy days; made his home with the happy pair after their marriage; when children arrived became the "fetch and carry," the Newfoundland dog of the family; in fact, he's the droll, humorous chap who relates the whole amusing story.

BURALEEN BISHOFF, a former seminary girl of veiled family connections; much too pink and flimsy to win Jackson's approval; Patricia's guest in the McKearney home, but not entirely welcome, apparently, to her parents, because of her marked attentions to Hardin J., the son; scant dresser at the dinner table; "liable to fall out of her clothes most any time," according to the loquacious Jackson.

SPEEDY BARBER, ranchman and deputy sheriff much feared by cattle rustlers; a dead shot, let the foe be mountain lion or two-legged prowler; he didn't believe in wasting ammunition; friend of Jackson's and Mac's.

BILLY BARBER, Speedy's son; chip of the old block; at the age of 10, proud owner of the ill-fated Arizona burro. "Let Jackson tell about that particular burro." That's what Billy, now a broad-shouldered, regular he-man, would say.

MISS MARTIN, McKearney's private secretary and stenographer; fat, fair and 40 and didn't care who knew it; no gum, face powder or bobbed hair in evidence; paid a generous salary and worth it.

This story began in No. 13, the Ledger for April 1. Back copies may be obtained from our agents or newsdealers.

"I'll say so," I replied, "and you are looking into the countenance of one of those very times, young man! If you are not careful you are going to ruin the future of a mighty good woman, and if you do I'll be a switchyard goat, if I ever let you forget it until you shuffle off this spherical mundane terra firma, which is, I believe, the college way of saying, this world of uncertainties."

Billy still was in a belligerent mood when I unloaded from the taxi at the office. He wouldn't accept my invitation to luncheon and when he rode away I wasn't sure whether the movie profession had gained a first-class rancher or an Arizona ranch had lost a bum actor. I felt I would have to devote more of my thought and attention to Pat's future for a day or two and for that reason I was the more peevish with Mac for having balled up his own affairs so that I was forced to devote some of my valuable time to trivial affairs like the control of a transcontinental railroad.

I walked into Mac's office carrying with me one of those canvas-bound tissue-paper books in which the office boy copies all the letters.

"Mr. McKearney," I began as I opened the book on Mac's desk and drew up the odd chair, "I'm representing the Shirley Publishing Company and we are about to bring out a book on the self-made suckers in the railroad business. Our proposition is to write one hundred and ten pages on each victim, telling all the foolish things that are printable and hinting at those which shouldn't be discussed in polite society. With this write-up we print a full-page photograph of the subject. A bareheaded photograph for one thousand dollars, a picture of the subject in overalls for five hundred dollars more, or, if you prefer, we will print a picture of you in a plug hat for two thousand dollars. We bind this book in denim to give it the homely,

They Overlooked the Diamonds

THERE is a modern flippancy to the effect that, "What you don't know won't hurt you." It is also a fallacy. For instance:

The farmers of Kimberley were a disgusted, disheartened lot. They said the soil was too rocky to earn them a living. Some of them left. Others died in poverty.

And all the time their children were playing with diamonds.

But the farmers *didn't know.* They thought the priceless gems were pebbles.

Don't be like those Kimberley farmers. *Know!*

Don't seek opportunity in some distant place and overlook the diamonds that are daily within your grasp. *Know!*

Advertising is a mine of opportunity. It tells of values you wouldn't know about if it were not there to guide you.

The secret of economical buying is information. The man or woman who is best informed is the one who buys to best advantage.

Read the advertisements. Know!

substantial suggestion of toil and we should like to have you in this book as our leading sucker. The price will be——"

Mac's expression was first, surprise; then a more or less simple grin made its appearance on a background of deep red. Finally his brow began to contract and he exploded.

The report was not as loud as it was profane, and, if I had followed the advice I would now be sojourning in a place which, for heat, would make Needles, Cal., or Tucson, Ariz., seem like a refrigerator car under ice. Pat has taught me to ignore ill-mannered repartee, so I continued, quite unruffled:

"The price for this, Mr. McKearney, is two thousand, four hundred and fifty dollars, but if you are shy on ready money we will be quite willing to take twenty-five shares of Continental common——"

"Slam on the air!" Mac interrupted testily. "You're on a soft track and headed for the ditch. You talk like a flue-roller and make less sense! If you have running orders that make sense let's look 'em over, otherwise, back out, because I'm busy."

"You're a real general manager!" I retorted. "You couldn't general manage a horsecar line! Mac, you ought to be pulling the bell rope over a swayback mule in a large and ample cornfield. I know what you did with that stock certificate."

"That burlap person——"

I raised my hand in protest.

"Far be it from you to reflect on that estimable woman!" I exclaimed. "I'll not have you referring to her in that tone of voice! If any one saves you from ruin it will be Miss Buraleen, and how are you going to reward the woman? You can't marry her! No. Kate wouldn't stand for it, and besides, you'd get pinched! Why don't you think of these things before you get us in a mess like this? When she has saved you from the poorhouse don't come around expecting me to marry her just to show her how grateful you are. No, Mac, don't expect that! I'm your friend, but I'm not going to sacrifice my independence for you or any one else!"

Mac and I had quite a heated conversation before I convinced him that he had sent that stock certificate to the Shirley Publishing Company and then we had more of the same before I convinced him that this Shirley person wouldn't be above dickering with our enemies either for the delivery of that stock or for the holding it out of our hands until after the annual meeting.

"You've just traded your little railroad for a write-up and picture in that book," I finally told him. "I sure hope you'll enjoy reading about yourself and I'll try to see to it that the last chapter they write about you is an 1178 report of how you sluffed away the management of this railroad."

Mac called in his attorney and we put in an hour trying to figure out a way to get our hands on that certificate. A lawyer is hired to find ways of not doing things, so Mac's legal counsel couldn't help us much in our effort to find a way to do something. He advised a writ of hydrophobia, or something, that would give us a legal right to take the certificate, but Mac wasn't for that because it would get in the papers and I wasn't for it because I had a notion that it wasn't a writ but that Shirley person we wanted, and Miss Buraleen convinced me that he'd be hard to catch until he was ready to talk to us.

"We can start mandamus proceedings ——"

I interrupted the attorney:

"You can cuss that way all you want to, but it won't help. It is up to Mac to say how much real money he is willing to pay to Shirley for the return of that certificate."

"That's blackmail!" Mac sputtered. "I'll pay not a dollar, not even a red cent! If I knew I could save my control of the road by paying it, I wouldn't come across with a plugged nickel. That's the sort of person I am!"

"We all know you are tight," I said. "But most of us have to pay for our mistakes. You know you sent this certificate to this Shirley person of your own free will and accord!"

"But the letter that went with it showed clearly that it was a mistake," Mac argued. "Any person, half-way honest, would be eager to rectify such a mistake."

Well, Mac, the lawyer and I went round and round and didn't get in any more mileage than an engine on a turn-table. Finally I told Mac I had a date with

The Most Important Thing Developed by the Dinner With Buraleen Was the Bill.

Miss Buraleen that evening. I made him see that she was our sole hope and I asked him to talk cold turkey on what he was willing to do for her if she got that certificate to us before the annual meeting:

"I'll be much obliged to her," Mac said. "If, after it is all over, I want to make her a present, that's my business. I'm making no deals in advance on a thing of this kind. You never heard of any one uncoupling me from real money on a threat, did you?"

"You have to hear of everything for the first time," I replied. "I never heard of any one uncoupling you from money for a write-up and picture until today."

And that is just where we left it; Mac wouldn't authorize me to say we'd pay Shirley some real money if he would return the stock certificate, and everything the lawyer suggested meant the courts, and the courts meant newspaper publicity, and while Mac had signed a dotted line to pay two thousand, four hundred and fifty dollars to get a write-up and picture in a book, all of us were against breaking into the newspapers for nothing. That's the way it is with most of us mortals; none wants what he can get for nothing!

The most important thing developed by my dinner, that evening, with Buraleen, was the bill. Strange to say, she agreed with Mac and wasn't in favor of offering Shirley as much as one dollar for the immediate return of the stock certificate. She even went so far as to say that if he wasn't constitutionally a crook, he would have returned the certificate the very minute he discovered it in Mac's letter. She said she was going to have one more scene, that is what she called it, with Shirley, and if he didn't come across with that certificate she knew several prospective "taps," that's what she called them, which never would appear in the book on the captains of industry, because she would see to it that the sales didn't go over. She admitted that these "taps" were her own prospects and that she lost very liberal commissions if no sales were made.

You had to give it to the old girl! When you got her away from the froth of society she was a pretty substantial citizen, it being understood that pretty isn't used with reference to her general appearance. After those two interviews with her I felt no anxiety and no resentment when she told me she was to call on Pat the following day and would then let me know if anything worth while had developed.

Having paid the bill and taken Miss Buraleen to her hotel, I walked home, hoping that the free air and the bright lights would help me to figure out just where I was on the two important undertakings, to-wit, as our attorney would say, the train dispatching for Pat and Hardin J.

With Billy Barber cutting up and no word from Laura Thompson as to when, if ever, she would appear on the scene with her marriageable daughter, and with Hardin J. preparing to pull out of the parental train shed in three weeks, it looked as if, as a matchmaker, I was going ahead backward or standing still with my drivers slipping.

Another interesting installment, with plenty of laughter and excitement, is promised in next week's Ledger. Don't miss it.

* * *

When Making Formal Calls.

FORMAL calls are paid between 3 and 5:30, and last from fifteen to twenty-five minutes. They may be exchanged once a year or oftener, between people who are on terms of conventional friendliness. They should not be neglected. If a woman keeps a day at home, calls should be paid her on that day, when tea, light sandwiches or small cakes are usually served. Sunday is quite properly chosen by some hostesses.

A birth, death or serious calamity or illness necessitates a call, as does an invitation to a dinner party, a wedding feast, a ball, luncheon, musicale or theater party. Disregard the fact that your hostess may have been in your debt previously. Call after the announcement of a betrothal, and on a bride after her honeymoon, also on a person who has presented a letter of introduction. A bridesmaid should call promptly upon the mother of the bride or upon the hostess at the wedding. A new resident in a country neighborhood is entitled to receive the first calls of her neighbors. In large cities, one is not expected to recognize newcomers.

A first call should be made by a hostess in extending an invitation, altho in some places there is a tendency to regard an invitation as the equivalent of a call. "Not at home" is the conventional message of a hostess who cannot receive her guest. In this event, or if a woman is really absent, the caller discharges her obligation quite as fully as if she had been received.

* * *

A Question of Interest.

WHEN Smith met Perkins bearing down upon him on the street he had the feeling that he ought to escape, but he was too lame to run and had no aircraft with him to enable him to fly. He, therefore, stood still and shook hands and listened while Mr. Perkins said:

"My old friend, can you tell me the legal rate of interest in the State?"

"Why, I think it is about 6 percent," was the reply.

"Are you sure?" was asked.

"No, not entirely sure, but I will see you again and tell you."

"No, no, I will not put you to that trouble. You can make the interest 6, 8, 10 or 15 per cent and I will not say anything about it. Indeed, you may make it a note for fifty dollars and make the interest anything you want to. That is the way I always do, and that is the way I keep my financial friends. The fifty, Mr. Smith, the fifty."

He had his hand held out for the money, and he kept holding it out for a minute or two when he discovered his senses. Mr. Smith was not to be seen. He had taken the street car and was a half mile away, and the question of interest did not bother him at all.

You Needn't Look Over 30

Graying hair makes you seem old regardless of age. Restore the original color and seem young. This is simple, safe and easy. Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer quickly stops the gray.

Send coupon today for free trial bottle and test as directed on a single lock. Then when even, perfectly natural color. See how easy to apply and how pleasant this scientific preparation is—clean as clear as water. Nothing to wash or rub off. Fill out carefully, answering each question. If possible enclose a lock of hair in your letter. Then when you have proved results, get a full-sized bottle, from your druggist or direct.

MARY T. GOLDMAN,
1044 Goldman Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.
Please send me your FREE trial bottle of Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer. The natural color of my hair is
jet black..... black or dark brown.....
medium brown.... light brown, drab or auburn....
Name.....
Address.....
Please print your name and address.

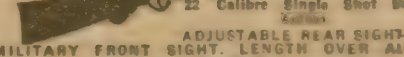
Quick Bunion Relief
—Try It Free—

Don't send me one cent—just let me prove it to you as I have proved it to thousands of others in the last six months. I claim to have a positive relief for bunion pains, and I want you to try it free—at my expense. I don't care how many so-called cures or shields or pads you ever tried without success—I don't care how disgusted you feel with them all—you have not tried Fairyfoot, and I have such confidence in it that I want you to send me your name and address and I will send you a 4 days' trial free and a full size $1 package C. O. D. It is a simple home method which relieves you quickly of all pain and subdues all soreness and all inflammation. I know it will do all this and I want you to try "Fairyfoot" at my risk. Money back if not satisfied.

Write now, as this announcement may not appear in this magazine again. Just send name and address. Write today.

FOOT REMEDY CO.
2297 Millard Ave. Dept. 223
CHICAGO

$7.95 IMPORTED SMALL BORE RIFLE

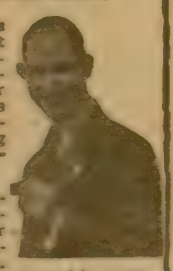


22 Calibre Single Shot Bolt Action

ADJUSTABLE REAR SIGHT—MILITARY FRONT SIGHT. LENGTH OVER ALL.

Just Received
GENUINE GERMAN MAUSER
25 CAL. $11.50—32 CAL. $13.50
FREE 1 BOX CARTRIDGES !!!
CASH ACCOMPANIES ORDER
SEND NO MONEY. WE PAY POSTAGE
KWATEK TRADING CO.
Dept. B, 1224 Tinton Ave., New York City.

Let Me Show You the Greatest Selling Plan on Earth!



My company, largest of its kind, is building the largest sales organization ever recruited. Greatest opportunity in America today for canvassers, crew managers and district chiefs. Wonderful sales plan, opening every door before you—makes selling EASY.

Actually!—old-time salesmen are amazed. No experience necessary—our plan breaks down sales resistance, even for amateurs. Anyone can sell our goods—wanted in every home. **Only two sales a day makes you**

$102 Every Week

Our beautifully illustrated 16-page book tells you all about our marvelous sales plan. Invest two cents in a letter asking for it! If you make good with our selling plan you need never worry again about your finances! Read how other men, no more capable than you, many of them without experience of any sort, have made big, quick money easily. Join us in a great and prosperous summer. Write today—NOW! for this amazing story, free!

Name Your OWN PAY!

2c May Make YOU!

F. A. LOOMIS, Sales Mgr.
Dept. 105
6 Spring Forest Ave., Binghamton, N. Y.

15 DAY FREE TRIAL

SEND NO MONEY
JUST WRITE AND SAY YOU WANT TO TRY A
Faultless Coaster Brake Bicycle or Motobike

When your bicycle arrives, try it FREE for 15 DAYS. If then you are fully satisfied with it, send us only $3.00, then $3.00 a month for seven months. If it does not suit you, ship it back at our expense and we will refund even the freight you paid on arrival.

Tested Frame of Seamless Steel Tubing, One piece Crank Hanger; Drop Forged Crown Fork; New Departure Coaster Brake, Roller Chain. Every device for Speed, Comfort, Perfect Control and Durability, including Channel Bar Stands.

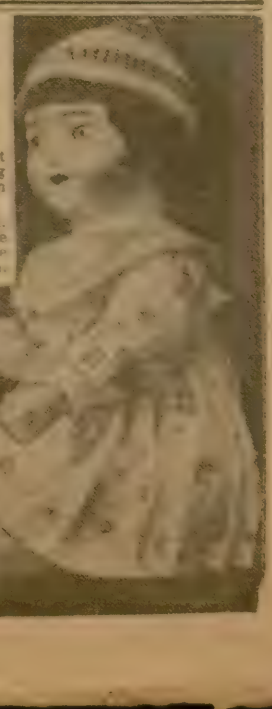
SIZES and STYLES, for BOYS, MEN, GIRLS and WOMEN

NATIONAL FARM EQUIPMENT CO., INC.
DEPT. 98 CHAMBERS ST. NEW YORK

Doll Free!
Walks—Sleeps—Cries

This is surely a wonder doll. Can you imagine a doll that can walk, go to sleep, cry out loud, stand alone, has big beautiful blue eyes that can wink, lustrous bobbed brown hair, with flowered dress, knitted cap and shiny black slippers?

That is just the dollie we are offering you here free of cost. We have given away thousands of these dolls which have delighted the hearts of thousands of little girls all over the country. Even big girls and mothers take a fancy to them.



Our Free Offer

Our Plan is so simple and easy that EVERY LITTLE GIRL WHO WANTS ONE CAN HAVE ONE OF THESE [illegible] yours, free of all cost. We even pay the packing and shipping. The price of the Ledger is $2.00 for one year; $1.00 for 6 months, and 50c for 3 months. Any combination of subscriptions totaling $4.00 worth will do. Go right out and get them TODAY. Be sure to [illegible]

Address Doll Dept. 11,
W. D. BOYCE CO.,
500 N. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

And So Forth -

BY BILL LORING

BRIDGE OUT! DETOUR

JUST MARRIED

S'FUNNY THEY DON'T COME UP- MABBE I PUT THE SEEDS IN UPSIDE DOWN!

DAD DOES A LITTLE SLEUTHING IN THE BACKYARD.

YOUTH-FUL B-A-A-A-H!

HERE HUGO TRY THIS ONE, ITS SO BECOMING TO YOU - AND BESIDES IT MAKES YOU LOOK SO YOUTHFUL' DO WEAR SOMETHING THAT I LIKE ONCE IN A WHILE!

GOSH POP YU LOOK FUNNY!

"DAD" PICKS" HIS NEW STRAW

JUNE BUGS

GOLF

BU-Z-Z-Z-Z

B. BALL

B-Z-Z-Z

BU-ZZ

VACATION

WORK

A HARDWOOD FINISH ~ *IN FOUR APPLICATIONS* ~

AT IT AGAIN HUH?

YEP, WHERE'S THERE'S LIFE THERE'S HOPE!

WHATS THE NAME OF THAT TONIC?

?! D— O#!?

FURNITURE POLISH!

Ain't nature wonderful?

Hot Off the Joke-smith's Anvil

HIS STOPPING POINT

"PAID your tailor's bill yet?" asked a friend.

"Can't," replied the young man.

"Paid the florist?"

"Quite impos."

"What about your motoring bill?"

"They're still sending it in."

"If you can't pay for your own living," exclaimed his friend, in disgust, "why don't you be decent enough to die?"

"And then run up an undertaker's bill?" retorted the young man. "My dear chap, there's a limit!"

A Lone Exception.

"Somebody is always offering to make you rich."

"That's a fact," said the credulous citizen.

"But did a man ever attempt to make you take cold cash without having a string tied to his offer?"

"Only once; but after his keeper had called me aside and explained the situation I handed it back."

Unchecked.

"How did Teller get his cold?"

"All the drafts in the bank go thru his cage."

Counteracted.

"I'm surprised to hear Maude is married. She once told me that she would never promise to obey any man."

"Oh, she got around that by making the groom promise never to command."

We Get You, Sam.

Collectors of malapropiana might add to their holdings the story of the colored porter who was asked if he had voted at the club meeting. "Yessah," he replied. "Ah wasn't at de meetin' mahself, but Ah voted by peroxide."

CAT CAME BACK

MRS. JONES found Mrs. Smith, the aviator's wife, in tears. "Whatever is the matter, my dear?" she asked anxiously.

"I am worrying about Harold," said Mrs. Smith. "He's been trying for a week to kill our cat, and as a last resort he took her up 2,000 feet in his plane and is going to drop her over the side."

"Well, what is there to worry about?"

"Lots," exclaimed the frantic woman. "Harold isn't home yet and the cat is."

A Little of Both.

"I want a painting suitable for a bachelor's den."

"The female form divine, eh?" suggested the dealer.

"Something of that sort, but big fish are my hobby."

"In that case a study of a mermaid would be just the thing."

The Old Remedy.

"Mrs. Symes has had to take her daughter abroad for her nerves. She inherited nervousness from her father."

"Where did Symes' mother take him for his nerves?"

"Across her knee."

Financial Genius, Anyway.

"What would you call a genius?"

"Well, for instance, a man who can make a mountain out of a molehill and then sell it for gravel."

Clever Boys.

"I know why words have roots, pa," said Johnny. "It's to make the language grow."

SOLID IVORY

THE HUSTLER

(Continued From Page 4.)

peted, incredulously.

not the funeral expenses—of course not. That would be goin' it a little strong. And his widow wouldn't expect it. No, no, I had just the extrys in mind. A good, big flag—a silk one's none too good for him—and flowers, Willie. You know the sort of fixin's I have in mind." Mr. Hobson wiped his forehead with a red handkerchief, and regarded Mr. Stuney helplessly. "I'm not much at plannin' things of this sort—but I was thinkin'——"

"Yes, we must have it right," agreed Mr. Stuney, with a cold lump in his throat and a tingling in his hands.

Mr. Hobson drew a pad of paper from his pocket, hunted around until he found a pencil, and then began to expound from his notes. "I calculated, Willie, that a silk flag will come to about five dollars—that is, a good one. Then we want a big basket or somethin' like that full of flowers. Let 'em be roses, eh? What do you say? Roses aren't too good for him."

"Roses," said Mr. Stuney, from a dry throat.

"Say twenty-five dollars worth." Mr. Hobson indicated the amount with a proud gesture. "That makes fifteen dollars apiece for us, my boy, countin' in the flag. How does that strike you?"

Mr. Stuney drew his whole body rigid, stiffening his feet and setting his jaws, to brace himself for his answer.

"O. K., lieut," he replied with a miserable smile.

Almost in a daze, he rose and put his paper back on the rack. "I don't feel like reading today, partner," he exclaimed. "If you'll excuse me, I'll take a little stroll around." Slowly he made for the door.

Mr. Stuney's home was three squares from the library. He went to it thoughtfully, opened the front door as noiselessly as possible and went up to his room. There he opened a bureau drawer and took out a cigar box.

A pile of tobacco coupons fell out of it, and three one dollar bills.

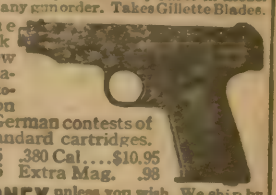
"Fifty-six coupons," he muttered to himself. "As good as nothing—three dollars——" With a little moan he drew himself over to a chair to ponder over his circumstances. He considered feebly the possibility of borrowing from his granddaughter's husband. But that would require an assurance which Mr. Stuney lacked. Every month he paid over to his granddaughter twenty-five dollars out of the thirty allotted him by the government, and he felt that this was inadequate, but his tobacco cost

BIGGEST GUN VALUES EVER OFFERED

Original German LUGER
Same type as used by German army officers. Unequalled for Power—Accuracy—Reliability. Penetration, 8" of pine—range 1 mile. Instantly converted into a rifle by attaching stock as shown. $50 value. Special price, including extra magazine, $21.95. Rifle stock, $3 extra. Finest quality German cartridges freshly loaded $3.95 per 100.

FREE $3 German vest pocket safety razor in nickel case with any gun order. Takes Gillette Blades.

$8.95 is the remarkably low price of this famous Ortgies Automatic Pistol. Won 70% of prizes in German contests of 1921. Shoots Standard cartridges.



25 Cal.....$8.95 .380 Cal....$10.95
32 Cal..... 9.95 Extra Mag. .98

SEND NO MONEY unless you wish. We ship by return mail and you pay postman above low prices plus a few cents postage. All merchandise GUARANTEED new and genuine. Full satisfaction or money promptly refunded. *Write today.*
LUGER SALES CO. (Not Inc.) Dept. 135, 828 George St., Chicago

2-in. Post Brass Bed Spring and Cotton Mattress

Send the coupon and only $1.00 today and we'll ship this complete, 3-piece brass bed outfit to your home on 30 days free trial. A beautiful, full-size brass bed, steel mesh, sagless spring, and all cotton mattress **at almost half price on this special factory sacrifice offer.** Nothing so magnificent in a home—nothing adds so much richness and splendor as a luxurious and elegant brass bed. Always clean and sanitary. Harmonizes with most any other furnishings. Get this outfit on approval on this sensational offer.

30 Days Trial

Use this beautiful brass bed set in your home 30 days. See the handsome design, the massive construction; note how the glistening brass brightens and beautifies your bedroom; enjoy the refreshing comfort. After 30 days if you are not delighted, return the set and we'll refund your $1.00 plus any freight or express you paid.

Easy Payments

But if you decide to keep the bed, start paying the small payments of only $3.00 a month until the full bargain price of only $34.95 has been paid. A full year to pay. We trust honest people anywhere in the U. S. **No extra charge for credit; no discount for cash. No C. O. D.**

2-Inch Post Brass Bed

Dignified, sturdy and graceful; made in the popular 4-post Colonial design, lacquered in soft dull satiny, rich velvet finish, and relieved by ribbon-like bands, burnished bright, as permanent as the brass itself. *Will not tarnish or wear off.* 2-inch Colonial posts with handsome extra size 4-inch mounts. The top rails and filling rails are 1 inch thick. Height of head end 55½ inches high, the foot end 36 inches. Furnished in full size only, 54 by 76 inches. Complete with the best quality ball-bearing steel casters. Fitted with rigid, patented interlocking steel side rails.

All-Cotton Mattress Small illustration shows the all-cotton mattress in this outfit, filled with clean, sanitary cotton linters to an unusual thickness. Will keep its shape always. Covered with beautiful floral art ticking, deeply tufted, with roll edges and round corners.

Link Fabric Spring Spring is made with heavy angle iron side rails, with fine mesh, strong link fabric body, joined at each end with 25 helical springs; *will not sag.* Wt. entire outfit about 195 lbs.

Order by No. B6919A. Price for Bed, Spring and Cotton Mattress, $34.95. $1.00 down, $3.00 monthly.

Price Smashed!

Free Bargain Catalog

Shows thousands of bargains in furniture, jewelry, carpets, rugs, curtains, silverware, stoves, talking machines, porch and lawn furniture, women's, men's and children's wearing apparel; all sold on easy terms.

Send Coupon

The price is down to rock bottom on this sensational, factory sacrifice offer. Send the coupon with only $1.00 and we'll ship the complete outfit on 30 days trial. No risk, no obligation—your $1.00 refunded if not satisfied.

Straus & Schram, Register 3535 West 35th St., Chicago, Ill.

Straus & Schram, Reg. 3535 W. 35th St., Chicago

Enclosed find $1. Ship special advertised 3-piece Brass Bed Outfit—brass bed, spring and cotton mattress. I am to have 30 days free trial. If I keep the outfit, I will pay you $3.00 monthly. If not satisfied, I am to return the outfit within 30 days and you are to refund my money and any freight charges I paid.

☐ 3-Piece Brass Bed Outfit No. B6919A. $34.95.

Name _____

Street R F D or Box No. _____

Shipping Point _____

Post Office _____ State _____

If you only want catalog put X in box below:

☐ Furniture, Stoves, Jewelry ☐ Men's, Women's Children's Clothing

World's Biggest SALE

MONEY BACK IF NOT SATISFIED

Tailored PANAMA BEACH SUIT

Price cut to only **$5.95** On Arrival

SIZES: 34 to 44 CHEST MEASURE.

Give CHEST measure for coat; and your WAIST and INSEAM measurements for trousers

WRITE TODAY

Send No Money

Write today! Before some fake cash-in while you can get this opportunity and this low price. Just send your name and address and we will send you the wonderful panama at once. Pay postman only $5.95, plus a few cents postage on arrival. Examine the splendid material and careful workmanship and note the trim man-tailored stylish lines. Be sure to give CHEST, WAIST and INSEAM measurements for trousers.

EVERY CENT BACK IF NOT SATISFIED.

Atlantic & Pacific Clothing Company
5021-25 State St., Dept. 218, Chicago

STANDARD TIRES

LESS THAN 1/2 Price

Send No Money!

Buy right! Cut your tire cost in two and get a **reliner with each tire FREE.** We ship at once on approval standard Goodyear, Goodrich, Firestone, Mason and other adjusted tires in excellent condition and **Your Money Back** if you don't like them. They can readily be guaranteed for 6000 miles. Assure are we you will like these tires that we request no deposit in advance. These are not rewed together tires, known as the double tread and reconstructed tires.

SEE THESE LOW PRICES

Sizes	Tires	Tubes	Sizes	Tires	Tubes
30x3	$4.95	$1.25	32x4	$8.15	$2.35
30x3½	4.75	1.35	32x4½	8.95	2.50
30x3½	5.75	1.45	34x4½	9.15	2.65
32x3½	6.45	1.60	33x5	9.25	2.75
32x4	7.45	1.75	34x5	9.50	2.95
33x4	7.50	2.10	35x5	9.75	3.10
34x4	7.85	2.25	36x5	9.95	3.25

Remember, a reliner Free with each tire. When cash is sent with order 5 per cent discount allowed. Examine—judge for yourself. If not satisfied, return goods at our expense. Specify straight side, clincher, non-skid or plain wanted.

CLEVELAND TIRE AND RUBBER CO.
3151 Michigan Ave. Chicago, Illinois

FREE For Catarrh and Asthma

A French Scientist declares he can kill the germ of bronchial asthma and catarrh and to prove it will send regular clinical treatment, not a sample, prepaid to any sufferer. If it clears the head and lungs instantly, improves you like magic, and in one week satisfies you that you have at last found **sure** relief you can pay the small cost of powders and mailing. If not satisfied you do not owe one cent. Accept this free offer right now. Send name to MAIGNEN CHEMICAL CO., 2135 Grand Ave., Kansas City, Mo.

NEW TYPEWRITERS FOR LESS THAN HALF

Unusual Offer Made by
Oliver Typewriter Company

You can now buy direct from the factory, saving the cost of selling. A brand new Oliver is now sold for half the usual price. It even costs less than a rebuilt typewriter! You'll be amazed at the details of this astounding offer. Get the facts at once by mailing the coupon.

This is the identical Oliver which has won such world-wide fame. Over 950,000 have been sold. Now comes our most liberal offer of all.

FREE TRIAL—EASY TERMS

Learn how to save, learn about our self-selling plan. Mail the coupon at once for complete information, which does not obligate you in the slightest. This is your greatest opportunity to buy a brand new typewriter at a tremendous saving. Send the coupon below.

NOW

The Oliver Typewriter Company,
1224 Oliver Typewriter Building,
Chicago.

Please send details of your Special Price Reduction Offer.

Name.....

Street.....

City..... State.....

him all of the five, which he kept for himself.

The granddaughter and her household had accepted tolerantly his offer to come and live with them. They had adopted a policy of mild friendliness which showed itself in cigars and socks at Christmas time, the wing of the chicken on Sundays, and the smallest plate of ice cream on holidays. Here Mr. Stuney found friendly faces and a certain bleak comfort; the granddaughter looked strangely like Maggie.

Mr. Stuney opened his clothes press, and with hands that trembled drew out his best suit, which differed from the one he was wearing only in point of longevity of service. The best suit was perhaps three years younger than its fellow.

He touched the cloth of it, curiously, shrewdly, to ascertain its probable worth. He finally laid it on the bed and took out a smoking jacket, with frayed cuffs and spotted lapels.

Descending to the kitchen, he asked his granddaughter for some paper and string.

"Must it be a big piece, granddad?" she asked.

"Middling big, Margaret."

"Shan't I wrap whatever it is for you?" she continued. "You men folks can't wrap a bundle anywhere near decent."

"No, no," he answered nervously. "It's just a little thing." As he climbed the stairs he kept remembering the Christmas, two years before, when the family had presented him with the smoking jacket, and made him revolve slowly and self-consciously around in the center of the room, dressed in the finery.

Ten minutes later he went out of the house, carrying a bundle.

Castleton was preparing for Decoration day. As Mr. Stuney walked miserably along Main street he saw paper garlands being raised to the tops of office buildings, and flag bunting beginning to circle telegraph poles. He stopped to read a placard which hung on a store window. It described the line of march for the parade the next day. "Behind the advance guard of mounted policemen," it ran, "Captain Stuney and Lieutenant Hobson, our only surviving members of Company F, will lead the parade." Mr. Stuney's eyes lit with pride. Once, on that other day, they had led the parade, with the fresh smell of cannon powder in their clothes, and the roar of it in their ears. Beside them poor Phil Cooper had marched, too, with a brave smile on his face. Mr. Stuney looked down at the mourning on his arm. Then he looked at the bundle he was carrying. "I'm glad to do it for you, Phil," he muttered. "You deserve the best."

A little band, practicing for its public appearance, struck up a gay air. Mr. Stuney raised his head proudly and marched along to the music with the uplifted heart of a crusader. The bundle became a sacred thing—to be offered upon the shrine of friendship and honor.

He scarcely realized how briskly he had covered the distance between his house and his destination, until he stopped, tired and out of breath, before a little frame shack, set back from the street, which bore the disreputable sign: "We loan money on anything." Mr. Stuney went in.

Inside, a fat woman in a dirty gingham dress was nursing a baby. Upon seeing Mr. Stuney she nodded her head listlessly in the direction of a door behind her. "Mister'll be out. Wait a minute."

Mr. Stuney looked at the dirty glass counter, the muddy floor and the stupendous, disheveled woman. He held his bundle a little closer and looked fearfully out thru the street door, which he saw was very transparent. "Maybe I'll come in again," he suggested feebly.

"Naw!" exclaimed the woman, fixing a sullen eye upon him. "Jakie!" she called. Then to Mr. Stuney she repeated, "Mister'll be out."

Instantly the proprietor entered, evidently in great haste, putting on his coat as he came. He regarded his visitor with one quick, docketing glance, then fastened alert eyes on the bundle. With long, sharp-nailed fingers he deftly unwrapped it and held the suit up to daylight. His mouth drew itself down into a sarcastic grin. He ran a dexterous forefinger along the neck edge; he shook his head, and felt of the pockets. "Um—um," he hummed in the back of his throat. "You have had it some long time, eh?" He wadded bits of the cloth in his hands and tested its soundness. "What's here? A hole in the pocket? Um—um."

Mr. Stuney watched him with clinched hands.

"Well," the Jew's manner was heavy with jocularity. "How much—heh?"

Mr. Stuney had been considering this on his way to the pawn shop. He had decided to borrow only what he really needed; some day he would want to get the suit back again.

"Twelve dollars," he replied, looking eagerly at the door.

"Twel—what; What!" The money lender raised his eyes and his forehead and his long yellow hands in amazement. "Speak reason, now."

"For both of them," repeated Mr. Stuney, "for the suit and the jacket. You haven't looked at the jacket yet. I—twelve dollars is all I want to borrow." He felt an unspeakable chagrin at having to plead with a Jew. He would have reached out and gathered in his bundle of clothes and dashed indignantly out of the store, had not the band played at that moment. It played "Marching Thru Georgia," and for a few seconds Mr. Stuney was walking in dust and brambles, in front of his little company. He was hungry, and thirsty, but he was singing lustily and walking briskly.

"Ach, this?" the pawnbroker was saying. He lifted a corner of the smoking-jacket and fastened his scornful attention on the spots which covered the lapels. "This?" He was outraged. "I warn you, mister," he said passionately, "this you had much better present to the moths—and let them have half a meal. I can't give you nothing on this." He almost spat upon the jacket in his disgust.

Mr. Stuney looked at him helplessly.

"Maybe," said the Jew, weighing his syllables, "I could give—um—maybe five dollars for the suit." He shook his head, as tho doubting the wisdom of his generous impulse, and lifted his eyebrows luminously to Mr. Stuney's. "Hey?"

Mr. Stuney felt his legs giving way under him. He felt sick. "All right," he half whispered. He began to wrap the jacket up to take back home.

"Hey, no!" shouted the money lender. "You got to leave that. I'm paying five for the two. What you think?" He sent a shocked look toward his wife, who raised her eyes piously to heaven and shook her head from side to side in despair, until her earrings shook.

From an inside pocket of his shiny coat he drew a handful of bills. "One, two," he counted into Mr. Stuney's hand. "Three." He looked thru all his

(Concluded on Page 25.)

The Riddle of the Rings

(Continued From Page 6)

coat—with the purse in the pocket where you found it—away, some place where it'll be entirely out of sight. If this fellow should possibly arrive there ahead of me, give him the following yarn to hold him there, remembering that there's no such thing as ethics and that everything's fair in love war and police-work; and here's your yarn: You haven't even discovered yet that an exchange has been made; you tore two buttons off the raincoat when it got caught on the doorknob of the depot door; you left it at a tailor shop in the neighborhood to have the buttons sewed on again; the tailor's boy promised to be up in ten minutes or so with the coat; you'll then restore it to him. Stick tight to the foregoing. Entertain him the best you can—but hold him there at all costs. I'll be with you as soon as a street car will bring me over to your place. Then your acquaintance of the last twenty-four hours will either come across with a mighty satisfactory explanation of what he's doing with a human finger in his possession, or else he'll come back with me to the chief's office. Now, old man, can I count on you to carry all this thru? If I get to your rooms first, of course, it won't be necessary. You're still on West Oak street, I presume?"

"Yes," I returned in answer to his long speech. "I'm at the same old boarding-house—Mrs. Witherspoon's—at seventy-two West Oak. Now, as for this fellow, if he should actually show up in the next ten or fifteen minutes I'll hold him here if it's at all possible. But don't fail to arrive. He's liable to get impatient and ask the location of the tailor shop where I left his raincoat. In that case I'll be in a pickle without any doubt. However, O'Rourke, the longer we talk, the greater the delay before you can start for my place. So I'll say good-by now." And as soon as I heard his own good-by and the click of his receiver as he deposited it on the hook, I hung up and commenced a search for Chlorinda, the little colored girl employed by my landlady to work around the house and answer the front door whenever the bell rang.

I CAME across her finally, enveloped in a great cloud of dust caused by her vigorous sweeping of the faded carpet that covered the rear hallway.

"Yassuh."

"Chlorinda," I asked, "are you the official door-tender today?"

"All right. If a gentleman with a short pointed beard calls here and wants to know whether any one in this house recently arrived from New York, direct him up to my room. I'm the one he means."

"Yassuh. I'll watch fo' him. Is yo' back from New York, Mr. Rand?"

"Yes, just got back a few minutes ago. Don't forget now to send any one up that calls."

I returned to my room and drew up my chair to the window. Then I took out the card on which I had copied the letters that I found in the copper-gold ring and recommenced studying it. How long I sat there I do not know. It may have been five—perhaps even ten minutes. Suddenly I heard the door bell ring downstairs; a fraction of a minute later some one tapped lightly on the door. At once I popped the card into pocket.

"Come in," I said.

The door opened, and there on the threshold stood the man with the vandyke beard—the very fellow in whose raincoat I had come across the human finger. It was plain that it was now up to me to tell a convincing enough story to hold him here until O'Rourke should arrive.

For a second he stood motionless. Then he held out the torn piece of envelope which had carried the number of the house. Across his other arm was the raincoat, and in his hand was the tan alligator valise.

"Beg pardon for troubling you," he remarked, bowing slightly, "but you and I have been the unwilling victims of somebody's carelessness. You remember me, of course?" I nodded. "Do you recognize this piece of envelope—and likewise this raincoat? That cursed porter on the train must have switched our coats when we were in the washroom. If it hadn't been for this scrap of an address I would never have been able to locate you, for I don't know your name."

I was never much of an actor, but I assumed as much of a look of surprise as possible.

"You don't mean it," I ejaculated. "Come in and sit down. So we got each other's property by mistake, eh?"

He came in, closed the door behind him, and sunk into a chair.

"Why, yes. Hadn't you discovered it yourself?"

"I daresay I would have sooner or later," I replied evasively, "but in leaving the depot, I caught the lapel of my raincoat—or, rather, your own—on the knob of the swinging door. I was thrown back and two of the buttons were torn off. So before coming up to my room I left it in a little tailor shop down the street with instruetions that it should be brought up here as soon as the buttons were replaced."

His face took on a troubled look.

"Is your tailor—er—quite honest?" he asked. "There's something in one of the pockets that I must not lose."

"Have no fear," I returned. "My tailor is as honest as the day is long. He once returned a twenty-dollar bill that was in a suit of mine which he was pressing." This last statement, which was absolutely true, seemed a pleasant relief from the fabrications I had been spinning out at O'Rourke's request.

He seemed very reassured at my words.

"Suppose, then," he suggested, "that I leave your raincoat here—which I presume you bought, as I myself did, at the big bankruptcy sale that was going on across from the New York depot"—I nodded—"and just run down to this tailor shop myself and call for the other one."

Here was a nice position to be in. I had feared something of the sort all the while. It was plain now that I was forced to the point where I must enlarge on the original story. So I raised my hand.

"No necessity of it," I stammered. "The tailor's boy said he'd have it here in ten minutes." I glanced at my watch. "He should be here any second now." Mentally, I hurled anathemas at O'Rourke's head for ever persuading me to indulge in such a string of lies. And then, as my eyes glanced up from my watch, I noticed with dismay a peculiar thing.

A tiny corner of the raincoat—with the striking green color, too—was sticking out from the crack between the wardrobe doors.

"Now," I groaned inwardly, "I'm

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caught beautifully. If he catches sight of that I'll have to concoct more lies about having another waterproof garment. Why in blazes doesn't that O'Rourke come?"

The man with the vandyke beard settled himself in a chair resignedly. He glanced over toward the window and, at the time, I almost thought I detected a slight wavering of his gaze toward the crack between the wardrobe doors. But I refrained from making any comment so I concluded that it had escaped his attention. His eyes began to rove over the many curios that adorned my plain walls.

"What do you call that?" he asked suddenly, pointing at one of them.

I took it down and handed it to him.

"That," I said, "is an Irish shillalah. It's supposed to come from the original woods of that name in Ireland. It's as formidable a weapon as a revolver, in my estimation. One crack of that on a man's skull and I'll warrant he'd take the count."

"You collect curios, then?" he asked, surveying it interestedly.

"Yes," I replied, "to some extent."

He turned it over, examining it on all sides. He seemed to have forgotten entirely his impatience at not being able to exchange raincoats immediately and make his departure. And so, seeing that I had accidentally stumbled upon a phase of collectorship which might keep him interested until O'Rourke's arrival, I decided to show him a number of South Sea Island curios that I had recently purchased at an auction sale and which at that very moment were reposing in the drawer of my desk across the room.

"Just a second," I remarked, "and I'll let you see something worse than that. It's an arrow such as the natives of some of the South Sea Islands use against their enemies. Since they dip it in the juice of a poisoned berry, nearly every shot's a bull's-eye for the shooter. Like to see it?"

"I most certainly would," he rejoined.

I crossed the floor rapidly to the little desk which I so seldom used. I drew out the drawer and commenced fumbling among the contents. Presently my fingers came in contact with the very object for which I was searching, so I looked up. On the top of the desk was a polished silver inkstand, and what I saw reflected in the surface of that article was more than enough to cause me to gasp with alarm.

The man with the vandyke beard had crept catlike across the floor. He now stood directly behind me, raising the heavy shillalah high in the air!

The instant I caught sight of the reflection of the man who I believed was seated far behind me on the other side of the room, standing in such a menacing attitude over me, I wheeled sharply, at the same time thrusting one arm instinctively above my head to ward off the impending blow. But too late.

Crack!

Even today, when I look back upon that affair, I can hear it—actually hear the meeting between that oak cudgel and my cranium—but the remembrance lasts for only the barest fraction of a second. With an overwhelming feeling of diffused pain and a sensation like that caused by a million blazing lights, darkness—black, utter, impalpable—closed in on me, and shut out all my knowledge of things external.

How long I lay unconscious I do not know; it could not have been over three or four minutes, however. When I did finally open my eyes I beheld, instead of the man with the vandyke beard, a face bearing a close-cropped mustache and a pair of keen, steel-blue eyes bending over me. And at once I became cognizant of several more facts which seemed mighty peculiar at the time: I was lying on my bed; a pitcher of water was on the floor near by; my wardrobe doors were standing wide open; and, in the doorway of the room stood Mrs. Witherspoon, my landlady, and the little colored girl, Chlorinda, both with staring eyes and frightened faces. For a few moments I stared uncomprehendingly about me. Then I struggled to a sitting posture. At once I discovered that the face with the close-cropped mustache and the blue eyes belonged to no one else than Mr. Terrence O'Rourke.

"What happened, O'Rourke?" I managed finally to ask.

He crossed rapidly to the doorway and spoke a few words in an undertone to the landlady, who immediately departed, dragging the fascinated Chlorinda away with her by sheer force. Then I repeated my question:

"Good heavens, O'Rourke; what's happened?"

"That ice water's brought you around in a jiffy," he returned, ignoring my query. "I'll tell you all about what happened in a minute. First, tho, how's your head? Are you in a great deal of pain?"

CHAPTER III.

A CLEW.

I SHOOK my head. "Not a great deal, O'Rourke. My cranium felt at first as tho I had run squarely into a brick wall. But it's beginning to ease up on me now. It just aches dully, that's all. What time is it, anyway?" Suddenly the remembrance of the bearded man came back to me with a rush. "And say," I added hastily, "where's the fellow who landed on me?"

I sat up on the edge of the bed and applied a cold, wet towel, handed me by O'Rourke, to the part of my scalp which still pained somewhat. O'Rourke, with a noticeable look of relief on his face, dropped into the rocker and commenced speaking.

"You must have received a beautiful crack. You've been lying like a log for the last few minutes. As for your question about the time, it's close on to 5 o'clock in the afternoon. However, Rand, as to the story itself, I'll give you my end of it and I don't believe that's going to be necessary for you to go into much explanation regarding what took place here."

He pointed first to the open wardrobe doors and then to the heavy shillalah which lay on the bureau. "I rang the bell about ten minutes ago. The little colored girl answered the door. Just then I was starting upstairs to your room—for I remembered the location of it from last time—it suddenly occurred to me that it might be wise on my part to find out whether our man had arrived yet. What I learned, Rand, wasn't likely to put me in much peace of mind. The little colored girl informed me that a man with a short, pointed beard and carrying a tan valise, had called about ten minutes before and had asked whether any young fellow living at this number had just returned from a railroad journey. Following your directions, she sent him up to this second floor front room. Then she went on with her sweeping. About ten minutes later, according to what she told me, the man with the tan valise had come downstairs in a big hurry and had mentioned to her that you wanted her to come up here without fail in about five minutes to mail a letter for you. Believe me, Rand, I scented something wrong immediately. I guess I took those steps three at a time.

"When I reached your room I flung open the door without the formality of knocking. There you were, lying stretched out, with that shillalah on the floor near you. After feeling you over carefully, I lifted you up on the bed, called the landlady, got a pitcher of ice water and some small towels—and here you are. Thank God, Rand, it's nothing more than a case of being just knocked out. And that's not serious; in the department we meet with such cases every day. If it had been anything else I would never have forgiven myself for inducing you to detain the fellow. But tell me now—what made him suspicious? Did you have a quarrel?"

His story had not differed a great deal from what I had expected to hear. Altho my thoughts were still rather confused I managed to collect them together sufficiently to render some sort of a detailed explanation to the one person who had arrived just too late.

"Like an idiot," I replied, feeling the back of my head, "I left the corner of that green raincoat peeping out from the crack between the wardrobe doors. After he got here I discovered my carelessness. I didn't think, however, that he noticed it—but he must have done so—and got suspicious immediately. I left him examining the shillalah while I came over to the desk to get out a South Sea Island arrow. Just as I glanced up I caught sight of him standing squarely behind me. And then—the bottom fell out of the world." I paused, thinking about the matter. Then a bright afterthought occurred to me. "But say, O'Rourke," I added, "give the devil his due. If he told the little nigger girl, Chlorinda, to come up here in five min-

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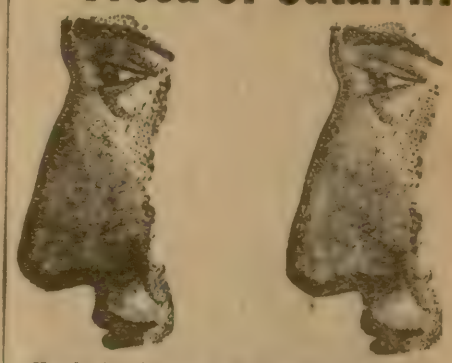

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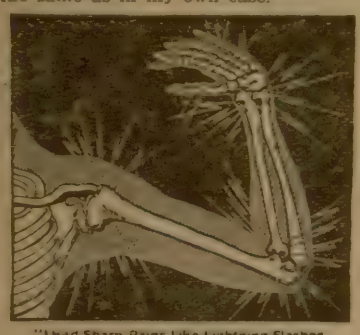

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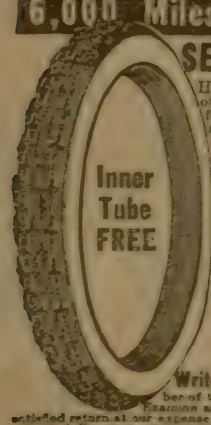

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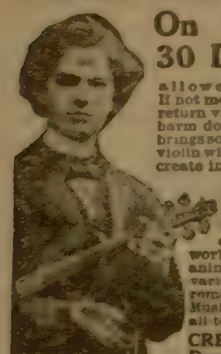

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utes, that certainly proves that he only wanted to knock me out, doesn't it?"

He nodded. "Yes, it looks as tho he merely wanted to send you down for the count so that he could collect his ghastly relics and skip out of here. I presume, too, that you had replaced them in the pocket of the coat, hadn't you?"

"Yes," I admitted, "I put them back. And it's well that I did, for, if I hadn't, there's no telling to what lengths he might have gone in order to recover all his property. But what beats me, O'Rourke, is what in the name of heaven there was about either one of those articles that should make them so valuable to him. Hand me another wet towel and I'll show you the card containing the letters which I copied from the inside of the ring. I'd like to see what you make of them."

I commenced fumbling in my coat pockets, remembering that I had secreted the card just before the bearded man's entrance.

"And O'Rourke," I continued, still searching thru my pockets, "when you get that towel rung out, look in the raincoat that's on the foot of the bed and see whether my leather wallet and the data slips are still in the right hand pocket. I'm just beginning to wonder if he had the decency to leave it intact."

O'Rourke handed over another cold, wet towel. Then he crossed the floor and took down the coat. He inserted his fingers in the right hand pocket and presently withdrew them, holding the worn leather wallet that contained the data which I did not relish losing. Opening it up he took a glance inside.

"O. K.," he replied with a laugh. "The whole affair seems to have resolved itself into an even exchange—with a love tap on the skull to boot for a certain party of my acquaintance." Then, seeing that I had found my card, he added, "Hand it over here, Rand. I'd like to see what I can make out of it."

FOR a while he studied it with a most bewildered, perplexed look on his face. "By the great horn spoon," he ejaculated finally, "it doesn't seem to read anything forward or backward. I'm wondering if it's possible that——"

His words were interrupted by a light tapping on the door. Since I was still feeling somewhat shaky from my experience of a quarter of an hour before I inclined my head toward it as an indication that he should see who was knocking. He sprang up, walked over, and flung open the door. There stood Chlorinda.

"Oh, Mistah Rand," she stammered, staring at me, "is yo' suah all right ag'in? Ah tho't suah yo' was killed daid. Ah was so skeered. An' say, Mistah Rand, I'se skeered ag'in. Dey's a man downstayahs—a mo' dirty, raggedy soht of a man—an' he say he wan' to see Mistah David Rand. I'se 'fraid he gwine kill all of us. He done got such a funny look in his eyes. He——"

"A ragged man!" I interrupted in surprise. "A ragged man? Why, I don't know any one of that description. Are you sure he asked for the name Rand, Chlorinda?"

"Yassuh, 'tain't no doubt whatevah about it. He say he gwine git fifty cents fum you."

Then, like a flash, there recurred to me the memory of the tramp to whom I had promised 50 cents in front of the Twelfth street depot. So I turned to Chlorinda.

"That's right, Chlorinda. I know who he is now. So just send him up here. He'll not hurt you. I owe him a half dollar for some work he did for me."

The little colored girl disappeared. O'Rourke looked at me inquiringly, so I explained the situation to him.

"Lend me a half dollar for a little while, O'Rourke, or change a ten for me, will you? This afternoon, shortly after I discovered the accidental exchange of raincoats with this bearded fellow of the train, I hobbled outside on a partially sprained ankle in order to see whether I could overtake him. Lo and behold—there he was a full block ahead of me. About the same second, as I've already told you over the 'phone, a greasy old down-and-outer panhandled me for a nickel under the pretense of wanting to carry my satchel. He seemed to act somehow as tho he were under the influence of some drug. Well, seeing my data slips getting farther and farther away, I took a gambling chance and offered him 50 cents if he would try to overtake the fellow who had my raincoat. But, to cut a long story short, he lost him. Then I discovered that I didn't have an even half with me, so I slipped him 10 cents for carfare and told him to come to this address in a few hours. After that I——"

A shadow appeared in the doorway. We looked up. There stood the tall, gaunt frame of the tramp whom I had bargained with in front of the depot. He appeared somewhat bewildered at finding two people in the room instead of one, and stood stock still, shifting his weight from one foot to the other and twisting his soiled felt hat into a shapeless mass.

"I'm here, Mister," he whined. "Y' know yer promised me if I run after the guy with the green coat an' th' yeller satchel—'at you'd give me a half o' dollar. An' here I am, Mister."

"Certainly," I returned, "I'll fix you up in a jiffy—altho you didn't exactly earn it." I turned to O'Rourke. "Have you ten, O'Rourke?"

The tramp commenced laughing softly to himself. For a full minute his idiotic giggling went on, while O'Rourke and I stared at him in astonishment. Then his apparently senseless merriment subsided as suddenly as it had started. My own thoughts regarding his actions were confined to the four words: "Crazy as a bedbug." O'Rourke afterward confided to me that his thoughts were expressible by but one slang word: "Nutty."

"Why all the merriment my friend?" asked O'Rourke, suddenly, with a trace of anger in his voice.

Again the tramp started in with his foolish laughing.

"For heaven's sake," I demanded, "stop that gibbering and explain to us what's the matter with you. Speak up! Tell us all about it."

"Well, Mister——" and he turned to O'Rourke, "an' you too, Mister. I'm laffin' because it's been a big day for poor Hoxey—him as they calls Crazy Hoxey. You gives him a half o' dollar in a minute 'r so. An' just a few minutes ago 'e was a tryin' to find yer number—an' 'e runs smack into a feller with a tan valise an' a green raincoat. Ain't that funny? All day it's been fellers with tan valises—an' raincoats. Strange. But then it's a strange world, ain't it, gents? I'm as they calls poor Crazy Hoxey——"

"For the love of Mike," interrupted O'Rourke, "cut out your rambling. So you ran smack into a fellow with a tan valise and a raincoat, did you? Was it in this block? Was the fellow in a big hurry?"

"Oh—ho! A hurry? Well, I should guess. The old devil hisself must a' been after 'im. An' he keeps a lookin' back all the time. An' on account of 'is lookin' back—'e runs smack into Hoxey. But poor old Hoxey ain't been on the road fer nothin'. Oh, 'e's a wise guy. 'E knows all the tricks. 'Oh!' 'e bawls, 'me poor arm. Oh me, oh my, you've gone an' broke me poor arm!' Then 'e pulls out a wallet gents. 'E jerks out a bill an' throws it over in th' street. Ha, ha. Purty good, eh, gents? 'You dirty lumberin' fool,' 'e says, 'take that an' go buy a new arm in th' shape of a drink o' rotgut booze. Yer arm ain't broke no more'n mine is. W'y don'tcha look w'ere yer goin'?' Oh—ho, gents—but Hoxey cert'nly goes fer th' bill in a 'urry. It's a one spot—an' all fer poor old Hoxey. As fer th' fellow, 'e hikes down th' street in a 'urry an' aroun' th' corner. Hoxey goes back to the spot where 'e got bumped. 'Lucky spot,' says 'e. 'Lucky, lucky spot.' An' there 'e finds a little white card wich the feller with the yellow satchel dropped. 'Lucky card,' says 'e, 'an' many more dollars you'll bring poor old Hoxey. You'll——'"

"Enough!" roared O'Rourke. "Come across with that card in a red hot hurry. We want that man—and all the information we can get about him. Out with it. No monkey business now."

For a moment Hoxey, or Crazy Hoxey as he occasionally termed himself in his own speech, stared dumbly at O'Rourke. Then with a sigh his hand went down into the pockets of his ragged coat and reappeared a second later with the fingers grasping a small oblong piece of white pasteboard. He handed it to O'Rourke. I arose quickly from my sitting position on the side of the bed and went over to O'Rourke's chair where I peered over his shoulder at the small object, which, so it appeared, was to constitute the sole clew to the identity of the man who had felled me in my own room with my own weapon.

Printed across the face of it was the name and address

PETER HESS,

Hotel Paris,

Chicago.

Suddenly O'Rourke flipped it over. Hastily scrawled in lead pencil on the back were the words:

Jack Kenwood.

A broker.

Offices somewhere on

La Salle Street, Chicago.

CHAPTER IV.

THE CIPHER RING REAPPEARS.

'AS SOON as we had paid over the sum of fifty cents to our ragged visitor and had rid ourselves of him by having Chlorinda conduct him to the front door, O'Rourke and I commenced an animated discussion about the unexpected clew that had, figuratively speaking, dropped from the skies. O'Rourke, now filled with the joy of the detective who has something definite to work on, was all smiles.

"It was a lucky day for us," he declared, "when that poor old crazy 'bo'—who's due to land in a State asylum

(Continued on Page 22.)

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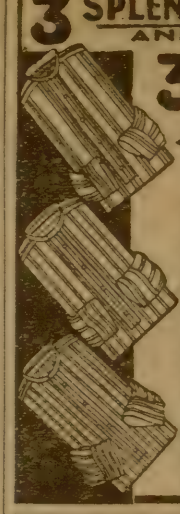

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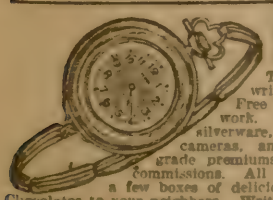

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South Sea Pebbles

(Continued From Page 7)

chance to trust Kalputa or to remain in hiding.

Further debate was cut short by a sudden yell and a loud splash in the water. The sharp report of a gun awoke the stillness of the cave. Then another followed quickly. The whining drone of darts and the heavy impact of spears against human flesh added to the echoes. The battle was on in all its fury.

"Kalputa must have had another gun," Scar exclaimed. "Well, let him exhaust his ammunition, and then——"

He broke off sharply. Two figures were struggling together near the water. The rest of the combatants had either fled or been killed. One black head could be seen swimming for the opening, diving repeatedly to avoid being shot.

One of the strugglers was Kalputa, but the other was smaller and slenderer—almost too slender to be fighting with the burly halfbreed. Scar leaned forward and suddenly uttered an exclamation.

"Captain Bernice!"

The battle had been brief, but fierce, the two sides being so nearly matched that it was a case of dog eat dog. With the exception of the single swimmer Scar had seen disappearing thru the entrance, there wasn't a live Papuan left to tell the story of the fight.

But Kalputa was very much alive, and when Scar reached his side he held Captain Bernice clutched in his hairy arms, with his evil eyes glaring down at her upturned face. Her resistance had been broken, and she lay a helpless victim in his powerful arms.

"Drop her, Kalputa!" Scar shouted, breathlessly. "Drop her or I'll plug you!"

Startled by the sound of the voice, Kalputa turned with an angry snarl, and before Scar could dodge blazed away at him. The first shot went wild, and the second pinged Scar's shoulder and broke the skin.

Kalputa with the cunning of his kind was holding Captain Bernice in front of him as a shield. Scar dared not fire for fear of hitting her. To protect himself he dodged behind a rock.

"Kalputa, you'll pay for that with your life," he challenged. "Only one of us will leave this cave alive."

The halfbreed growled like a dog and cursed continuously. He could not move, except backward, without exposing his body. He stood his ground, holding his victim well in front of him. Scar watched anxiously for a chance to take him off his guard. With the light favoring him the odds of making a crack shot were in his favor. Kalputa had to shoot more or less blindly into the gloom of the cave.

Both were expert marksmen and cool in the face of danger, and each understood the need of conserving his ammunition. The battle might go to the one who kept the last cartridge in his gun.

Captain Bernice had not spoken, and from the limpness of her figure Scar was afraid she had been wounded in the battle. For her sake he decided to propose a truce.

"Captain Bernice needs attention, Kalputa," he said. "She's been wounded. We ought not to let our little quarrel cause her suffering. I'll make a proposition to you. Drop her and I'll let you leave the cave. Take the boat, and I'll swear not to shoot. Is it a bargain?"

The halfbreed was silent a moment. "That's one of your d—n tricks to get me," he growled.

"No, it's straight goods, Kalputa! You know in your lying soul you can trust me. I'll give you your life this time, but when we meet again it's finis for one of us."

"Put down your gun then, and don't touch it until I'm out of the cave," was the retort.

"All right! I've dropped it."

"Put it where I can see it."

Altho a little suspicious, Scar shoved his pistol out in full view. "There it is," he added.

At almost the same instant, Kalputa's gun exploded, and a bullet crashed within a hair's breadth of Scar's head. With an oath at the halfbreed's treachery he grabbed his gun again. Kalputa was shielding himself behind the body of the woman, but for an instant his right arm was exposed to one side. Quick as a flash, Scar took aim at it and fired.

The burly halfbreed lurched back with a groan, his right arm shattered by the bullet. At the same instant Captain Bernice came to life, and with a mighty effort broke loose from his other arm. With a curse the man sprang after her, shifting his gun to his left hand to fire. In another second it would have been too late; but Scar had been watching for his opportunity.

Without mercy or pity he fired point blank at the halfbreed's head. The bullet struck his skull and plowed thru the frontal bone and lodged in the brain. The man stopped abruptly, wheeled and then spun around like a top before he went crashing to the earth.

Captain Bernice had stumbled also and lay all in a heap a few yards from the dead man. She had used up her last ounce of strength in breaking away from her captor, and now panting and gasping from sheer weakness she stared up at Scar, whose first concern was for her.

"Hurt, girlie?" he asked, smiling down at her.

For reply she closed her eyes, and for a time she was so silent and motionless that Scar was frightened.

CHAPTER VII.

CAPTAIN BERNICE, in spite of mannish dress, sunburned skin and general Amazonian appearance, looked a good deal of a woman, as she lay there limp and unconscious, and Billy Scar, fetching water in his hat and bathing her face, thought she had many of her sisters of civilized lands beaten a mile in a beauty show. He only needed a glimpse of the blue eyes to complete in every detail the vision he had carried around in his mind for years; but they remained persistently hidden from view, altho the long lashes closing over them seemed almost as attractive to him. He watched them flutter like the filmy wings of a butterfly in a wind.

Eventually the eyelids did open, gradually at first, accompanied by sighs and a heaving of the bosom, and then quickly, with a start and a sharp intake of the breath. Billy was smiling engagingly down at her, which wasn't exactly an unpleasant picture for a swooning girl to see the first thing on recovery.

"Feel better?" he murmured, and he was just enough affected by the situation to put a good deal of genuine sympathy in his voice.

Captain Bernice continued to stare at him in that vacuous way so common to babies and swooning girls. Billy nodded and applied his wet ministrations on brow and face. Finally, she reached the point where memory came to her aid, and with it a swift return of strength and spirit.

She pushed his hand away with more vigor than gentleness, and sat upright. From Billy her eyes roamed to the dead Papuans scattered around, and then to Kalputa, whose swollen, bloodless face was turned upward. A flash of malevolent hate darted from the blue eyes, and the hands clinched with sudden fury. Something between a Papuan curse and a prayer escaped her lips.

"He's dead," Billy remarked, following her gaze. "I plugged him on the jump. I almost wish he were alive so I could do it again."

Captain Bernice turned to him in surprise and wonder. "Why did you do it?" she asked. "Wasn't he your friend?"

Scar laughed good-naturedly. "Not since either of us was born," he replied.

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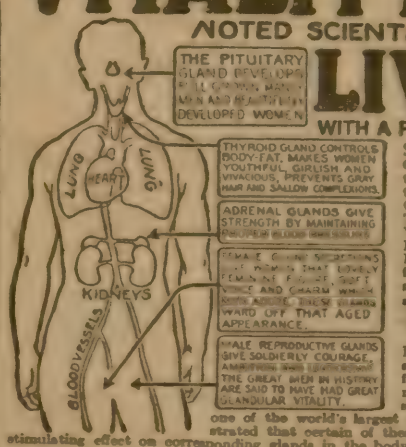
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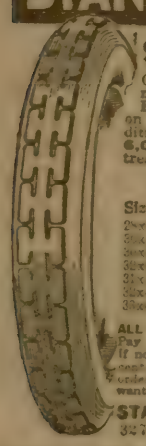

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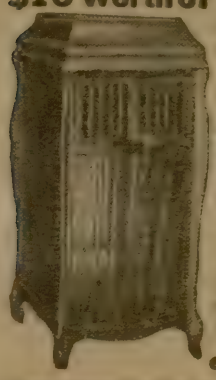

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"Kalputa would be the last to claim it, I fancy."

She continued to gaze searchingly at him. "You came here with him—on the same ship," she added, making it an assertion rather than an interrogation.

"Yes, and I found you in his arms, but that didn't make him your lover."

She shuddered at the recollection of her desperate struggle in the halfbreed's embrace. She was silent for a moment, and then returned to the attack again.

"What are you doing here? Why did you come?"

Scar smiled humorously and wanted to say something about the quest of a pair of blue eyes that had haunted him for years; something that would sound gallant, if not too pointed—but the seriousness of the face of the other made him change his mind. Captain Bernice was in no mood for flattering, trivial compliments, nor was she a kind, he surmised, who was ever receptive to such things.

"That's too long a story to tell now," he replied, shrugging his shoulders. "It goes back several years, and——"

Her face darkened suddenly with a frown, and the eyes became hostile and suspicious. "You came to steal the pearls like—like him!" she interrupted scornfully, pointing at Kalputa. "You may not have been his friend, but you came with him for the same purpose."

It was impossible to deny this, and Scar flushed a deep red under her accusing eyes. "Yes, I'll own up to that," he admitted.

"And to steal them you were ready to kill," she went on passionately. "You killed several of my people. You would have killed me if I had stood in your way!"

"Hold on there!" Billy interrupted. "You're going too fast. I didn't kill any of your people; it was Kalputa; but I'm not sure I wouldn't if—if——"

He was thinking of their attempts to torture him for their savage edification, and an ugly humor succeeded his good nature.

"Yes," he added, nodding. "I'd kill them on sight if they attempted it again. I didn't hold any grudge against them until they tried to burn me alive."

He stopped and turned to her with a smiling face.

"Do you encourage your people to torture their enemies? I thought that was a—a—little bit out of date—bad manners, you know, and—er—frowned on in high society."

A flush of angry resentment made her eyes look dangerous.

"My people are not as cruel and savage as that," she said stiffly. They——"

"Perhaps then they were joking," was the interruption, "but it was too realistic to suit me."

She was evidently puzzled, for she frowned and asked: "What do you mean? I—I don't understand you."

Scar enlightened her in as few words as possible, leaving out all reference to Li Sin. "And so when I escaped," he added, "I put as much space between us as I could. I stumbled upon this cave and found Kalputa hiding in it. You know the rest."

A swift change came over Captain Bernice's face. Suspicion and horror followed each other quickly. She glanced keenly at Billy to see if he was making it up. Apparently she was satisfied that he was telling the truth.

"I—I thought they'd outgrown that," she stammered. "Oh, to think that they'd deceive me!"

She suddenly struggled to her feet. "I must go to them," she added dully. "They shall be punished. It's Sarto's work. He's been sullen and resentful and——"

"How're you going to get back to them?" Scar asked, rising with her. "The boat's drifted away, and you can't swim it. Nobody but a Papuan could get thru that surf."

"You came in thru there?" she asked, pointing to the sea entrance of the cave. "You had a boat?"

"No, and I didn't swim it. I climbed down from the roof outside. It was some climb, too."

Captain Bernice looked skeptical, for the feat was one to arouse even her admiration. "You don't know of any other entrance?" she added after a pause.

Scar shook his head, and then recalling the strong current of wind he had encountered in the far end of the cave, he added: "But I suspected another entrance. I was looking for it when you came. I might have found it if Kalputa hadn't threatened you."

She surveyed him for a moment with eyes that were neither suspicious nor hostile. After all he had saved her from death or worse. There was a sparkling light of gratitude in them.

"I'll show you the way out," she said quietly. "You saved my life, and I want to be grateful. But, of course——"

She stopped again and flushed in such true feminine way that Scar smiled. She was perplexed at something. Finally she looked up and turned half appealingly to him.

"You see," she added, "I'm in a very peculiar position. I must save your life and get you away from the island, but Sarto and the others will claim it. You or your friend or your enemy—has killed some of my people. Sarto will demand your life in return. I'm afraid I have no power to stop them."

"Who is Sarto?" asked Scar when she stopped.

"Our misol—magician. He has more power in some ways than I. But I will try."

SCAR was not particularly impressed by her promise. He had no desire to fall into the hands of Sarto, the tribe's magician or medicine man, and it would require something more than Captain Bernice's promise to use her influence to save him before, he would trust himself to the tender mercies of the natives. He laughed good-naturedly.

"If you don't mind, Captain Bernice," he said, "I prefer to remain hidden. So long's I have this"—exhibiting his gun—"I believe I'll take the chances of a fight rather than run my neck deliberately in a noose."

"Maybe it's better that way," she murmured meditatively. "For the present anyway. I will see Sarto. If I can influence him—no," the eyes flashing again. "I'll have him punished! He's broken the laws by attempting torture. I'll have him disgraced and driven away. I've stood enough from him. He's tried to defy me. Now I'll fight him!"

Scar watched with admiration the scarlet lips and glistening eyes. Once aroused in a righteous cause, he imagined, she could prove a veritable tigress.

"If there's going to be any fight, let me in it," he said. "I'll back you up to the limit, Captain Bernice. I'll be your slave, and——"

"Not now," she interrupted, smiling. "It would only make matters worse for me if you showed yourself. I must have it out with Sarto alone."

"Will you be in any danger?"

"I don't know. No, not unless Sarto has so corrupted the people by his promises of human sacrifice that I've lost all control over them."

"I'd rather go with you, Captain Bernice," Scar said firmly. "We'll fight the whole tribe side by side."

Again she smiled at him, a little tenderly and admiringly, he thought, but she dismissed his offer with a nod.

"No, you will stay hidden here until I need you."

Billy's face fell. Then suddenly it lighted up with a crafty smile. "I couldn't stay here, and be safe," he protested. "One of your men escaped. I saw him swim thru the entrance of the cave. Won't he bring back a whole gang to rescue you?"

Captain Bernice started and looked worried. Until then she had been ignorant of what had happened to her men. She had assumed they had all been killed in the fight. Scar's information caused her natural anxiety.

"Yes, if he escaped," she replied finally, "he will bring back others."

"And they'll search every part of this cave for me," added Scar. "Not much chance for me to hide from their prying eyes."

"No, you couldn't stay here. You must come with me. I'll show you a hiding place they'll never search. It—it——"

She hesitated a moment and seemed embarrassed. Scar waited for her to proceed.

"How much can I trust you?" she asked after a pause. "I don't know you. I've never seen you before, and——"

Billy interrupted her with one of his perennial smiles. "Oh, yes, you have!" he said.

She started and peered searchingly at him, and then slowly shook her head. The light of the cave was dim and uncertain, but their eyes had grown so accustomed to it that they could see almost as well as in the broad sunlight.

"I don't remember," she murmured. "No, I've never met you before."

Billy laughed good-naturedly and began fumbling in his pocket. Finally he drew something out that he had been carrying around for years. As he held it up before her gaze, it sparkled and glittered even in the subdued light of the cave.

"Here's one of your South Sea Pebbles," he drawled. "Don't you recognize it, Captain Bernice?"

The girl stepped forward eagerly, and gave the pearl a sharp, half-frightened glance. Then she drew back in alarm.

"You—you have found the Pool and robbed it?" she asked, stammeringly.

It was Billy's turn to look puzzled. "The Pool!" he repeated. "No, I haven't found any pool that I know of. What sort of a place is it? Is it on this island?"

She caught the pearl in a trembling hand, and asked sharply: "Where did you get this? Speak! If you didn't

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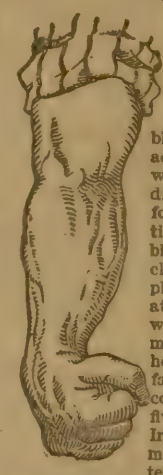

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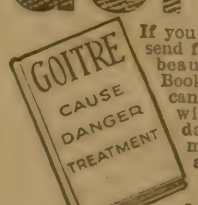

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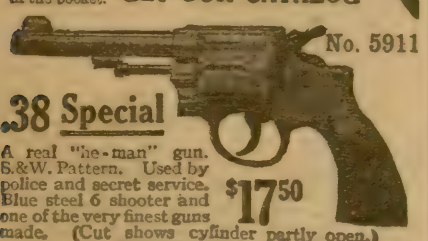
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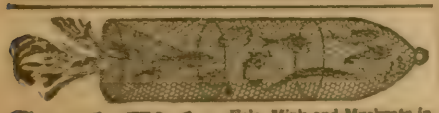
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The Heir

(Continued From Page 11)

they had not met during her stay.

"Oh, Miss Dollie," Lucy Sampson began at once, "the young gentleman at old Jud's is in terrible danger, and if word don't get to him in time he'll surely be killed. But I Can't no nothing, or Sampson would never forgive me, and it ain't his fault, indeed it ain't. I've told him about it, but he won't believe me, because old Jud ordered him, before he went away, to see that the Rogers brothers—those rogues—were let to stay in the house whenever they come. My man says if the gang meant to hurt the young gentleman, it stands to reason that him what adopted him wouldn't throw open the house to 'em. But I overheard the whole thing," and if you go away on this train, the young stranger will be killed."

All this was spoken with such rapidity and such intensity, that Dollie felt rather than understood the significance of much of it. Just then the brakeman cried "All aboard!" and made a movement toward the footstool to sling it up on the platform. But Lucy Sampson darted down from her position, and Dollie followed, pale but resolute. For once she had a reason sufficient to lead her to disobey her guardian's commands. Richard was that reason.

"I come to town in my bobsled," the woman went on, raising her voice above the noise of the outgoing train. "We've got to hurry, for old Jud is going to stay right in this town, and if he sees either of us he'll get word to the Rogers brothers and they'll do their work before we could find the sheriff. Get in the sled. I'll drive you to the Parker farm and you can get all the men that live there and send them to the rescue. As for me, I don't dare be seen in the business."

"But cousin Jud has gone out to the place with Uncle Peter."

"No he ain't. He started that way, but it's just a blind. He'll get out of the car, up the road a piece, and come back here. It's a part of the whole thing."

Dollie could not doubt that the Sampson woman had discovered premeditated violence, but the motives absolutely evaded her. As they drove rapidly from town, she tried by repeated questionings to learn at least as much as the other knew; and the fisherman's wife was more than ready to answer.

But she knew very little. While the Rogers brothers were eating at the fisherman's cabin, she had overheard some things when supposed out of hearing. "They told Sampson that Jud Travis had been to see them within the last five days, had told all about adopting an heir, and now wanted that heir frightened out of the country. 'Go to my house,' he said, 'and scare him so that nobody will ever see or hear of him again.' And old Jud wrote a note to my man telling him not to interfere if the Rogerses scared the young gentleman half to death. My man thinks that's all there is to it. But when he was bringing in a load of wood, I heard those wretches chuckling. They said how they would throw the body into the river, and that my man was always to be let think that they had just run the heir out of the country. I told Sampson what I'd overheard—but he won't believe me; says that even if they spoke the words, they done it knowing I was eavesdropping. But, oh, Miss Dollie! Anybody that knows them Rogerses as well as me, knows they'll stop at nothing."

"But why should cousin Jud adopt a young man and then want him frightened away?" Dollie asked, bewildered. To this natural question, the fisherman's wife could offer no solution.

When they came to the Parker farm Lucy Sampson let Dollie get out at the gate, and drove swiftly away. Mrs. Parker was an invalid, hence they knew she would be at home, but Dollie was a little dismayed on learning that Mr. Parker, his two grown sons and the two tenant families—six stalwart men in all—were in Kansas City, the farmers to buy cattle, the workmen to attend the moving pictures. However, they would return on the evening freight train, and were due at the farm about 9. Meanwhile, the invalid, left alone, was glad to have her visitor. Dollie, unwilling to alarm the sick woman with her forebodings concerning Richard's safety, told nothing of her adventures. She was convinced that if the Rogers men plotted mischief, nothing would be done until a late hour. The central telephone office was in the hotel building in the village where Jud Travis was staying.

At 9, when she called up the station she kept in mind that the old man might be seated in the double lobby where he could hear the responses of the operator. It was difficult to get the station. When she did so, the station master, in a tired and curt voice, said there was a wreck up the road, the freight train would not be in for several hours, and he meant to lock up and go home.

Dollie had a wild idea of trying to get into communication with the sheriff of the county, twenty miles away; then of calling for help from the village. But she reasoned that any excitement her call might produce would be at once made known to Jud Travis, who would forestall her efforts by warning the gang to hasten their work.

It was two miles from the Parker place to the farm where Richard was endangered. If Dollie's decision to walk those two miles, slip to Richard's room by the back way, and warn him, was not the wisest, it was the best way she could find. When Mrs. Parker was asleep, Dollie, who had offered to stay up until the men came home, wrote a steal it, where did you get it?"

There was unmistakable hostility in the eyes now, and the voice trembled with emotion. Scar wondered at her agitation, and for a moment was silent. Then he recovered himself, and answered:

"It was a present from you, Captain Bernice. You flung it in my face one day in Kaol Harbor. I was a bit too inquisitive, perhaps, but the sight of all those pearls in your hand sort of hypnotized me—them and your eyes. Anyway you gave it to me—not with your compliments, but with your scorn."

She was still staring at him, her memory trying to recall the incident.

"I've been carrying it around with me ever since," Scar continued easily, "and I guess the sight of it sort of kept up my courage when I got the dumps. I swore I'd find the giver, and return it to her—not the way she handed it to me—but this way, with my compliments."

He bowed and laid the pearl in her hand. She glanced from it back to him. Her face was a study. The eyes were no longer hostile; they were friendly, but still puzzled.

"I don't seem to remember," she murmured thoughtfully.

"Perhaps not, but I do. I got a long memory, Captain Bernice. Now we're quits. Maybe it wasn't so much to steal the pearls after all as to return this one to you that's kept me following your trail. Anyway, I won't butt in any more. I wouldn't give a hang for all the South Sea Pebbles in existence if you don't want me to see 'em."

He stopped and shrugged his shoulders, and then added: "But I don't believe there are any—not on this land. I was following a wild goose chase when I came here. I expected to see the shores glittering and shining with 'em, and when Kalpeta and I picked up a handful of shells and coral instead of pearls we got some shock."

Captain Bernice, who had been watching him closely, smiled when he finished. Then to Scar's surprise she replied: "Yes, the pearls are on this island—the South Sea Pebbles. They're real and not imaginary."

Scar gave a violent start of surprise, and caught her hand. "They're here!" he cried. "On this island!"

"Yes, but not on the beach."

"Then——" he began and stopped. Waving a hand, he added: "But I got no right to ask. Don't tell me. I don't want to see them."

"But you must see them now," was the quiet retort. "I'm going to take you to them."

"Don't do it because——" Billy began protestingly.

She waved him into silence. "It's not to satisfy your greed or curiosity," she replied a little coldly, "but to save your life. Please follow me carefully, and don't stumble."

Can this be a lure to again entrap the heroic Scar, or will the white blood in Captain Bernice's veins overrule the promptings of the black and thus prove the tragic finish of her courageous defender and admirer? And how is the revengeful Sarto to be outwitted after Scar has feasted his eyes on the wondrous pearls and has accepted the princess' proffered aid as the only means of escaping from the clutches of the savages? The next installment—in next week's Ledger—will probably tell us.

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brief note calling on them to follow, left this note in a conspicuous place, and slipped from the house without waking the invalid.

"And, oh, how lonesome those two miles were thru the snow, when the trees were crackling in the cold wind and the owls——"

The short sob that broke off her words told how fearsome must have been her imaginings in the solitude, yet how dauntless her heart, as she pressed on with her white face determinedly set toward the rendezvous of the ruffians.

"But you are safe!" she ended with a sigh of heartfelt relief.

"Yes—and I have you," he exclaimed, drawing her to him in an embrace she did not resist. There was no house in sight, the wind was rising and the air grew colder, but for the moment it seemed to them that all their troubles were at an end.

They had stopped in the road for that first kiss of love which finds no wind too dark, no sky too desolate. As Richard raised his head, he faced the road over which they had trudged, and his eye was caught by a gleam, a shining in the winter desolation, as if a knifeblade, fallen on the snow, had caught an electric beam. This knifeblade for a moment seemed to lie quiescent near the horizon, then it approached at insensible degrees, broadening, gaining in sheer whiteness, till it became burnished silver flowing over the white waste of snow.

"An automobile!" he muttered, as Dollie turned to follow the direction of his eyes.

"They've missed you from the room," she whispered. "What shall we do?"

The third and final installment of this story will appear in the Ledger next week. The exciting events pictured in the closing chapters will grip the reader right up to the sensational finish. Don't miss the big thrills of the final developments of the tale. You'll get a jolting surprise, too. In next week's Ledger.

The Riddle of the Rings

(Continued From Page 18)

sooner or later—strolled up here. In the twinkling of an eye, Rand, just as we had nothing to work on but a bump on the back of your head, we ran plump into the name—and no doubt the address—of the man who pulled the stunt off."

"What is 'The Paris' that's printed under his name?" I asked.

"'The Paris,'" he returned, "is a cheap, second-rate hotel down on South State street. It's patronized chiefly by transients and has a more or less unsavory reputation. While its guests aren't crooks in the strict sense of the word, they're usually people with little money, and those, of course, are the ones who make business for the Central Detective Bureau. It's plain that this fellow, Peter Hess, either resides there permanently—or else lives there off and on, to a great enough extent, at least, to cause him to have the name of the Paris printed on his card. But what in thunder is he doing with Jack Kenwood's name and business, as well as his general location, scribbled across the back of it?"

"You've got me," I answered. "It looks to me, tho, that he can't be personally acquainted with Kenwood, for, if he were, he'd know the exact location of the brokerage office. And Kenwood, you know, has been in the same business block for the last five years. This Hess has scribbled the words: 'A broker. Offices somewhere on La Salle street, Chicago.'"

"Well, it won't be difficult to catch Kenwood himself on the phone, give him the description and name of this Hess, and see whether he knows such a person. Perhaps Kenwood can clear up this whole matter."

I pulled out my watch. "It's 5:20 now. Kenwood and the whole office force have already left for home twenty minutes ago. There's only one way to catch him now. That's by telephoning to his bachelor quarters—he's not married, you know—or by trying to get the office tonight around 7:30 or 8 o'clock. Sometimes he returns to his private office after supper and fusses around as late as 9 or 10 o'clock."

"Then put on your hat, Rand," demanded O'Rourke, "and ride down to the Central Bureau with me. No matter whether this Hess is a friend of Kenwood's or not, I want to draw up a warrant against him charging him with assault with intent to kill. And you'll have to swear to it. Might just as well make the charge a stiff one, you know. Then I'll send a plain-clothes man down to the Paris to nab Hess the minute he comes in—if he's not there already. In the event that he's not registered there we're bound to get some dope on him. At any rate the air will do you good. It'll freshen you up after your trying experience of a short while ago."

I clapped on my hat and turned down the light.

"Well, O'Rourke," I said, "I want to feel fit as a fiddle tonight. Kenwood told me this afternoon that beginning with next week I'm to be in charge of the Chicago office at two hundred dollars per—which is double the salary I'm getting now—so I'm going to try and propose to the most wonderful girl on earth. Frankly, I'd have done it five months ago when I first met her if I had not been scraping along on money that wasn't enough to keep two people."

"Then come along with me," he replied. "You'll forget all about your head after you get outside. Have I ever seen the young lady who's going to be presented with the chance of becoming Mrs. David Rand?"

So as we rode down to the Central Bureau in an open street car I told him all about Aline Burnett, and the hard struggle I had had to appear nothing more to her than a mere friend until such a time that money matters might render it possible for me to ask her to be the greatest of all a man's possessions—his all-the-time-sweetheart—in other words, his wife.

On our arrival at the Central Detective Building, on North Wells street, O'Rourke took me straight to a desk presided over by a uniformed official. The latter, following the usual red tape methods, asked me a number of questions and then wrote out a warrant and signed it. After this procedure was finished, O'Rourke drew me to one side.

"Now," he said, "forget all about the affair of this afternoon until you return home tonight from that visit with your girl. Then call me up from your boarding-house—I'll be here till midnight—and I'll let you know all about how we came out, and, in the bare event that we nab this Peter Hess—if that's his name—I'll give you all the details. Starting in right now, I'm going to ring Jack Kenwood up every fifteen minutes, both at his quarters and at his office. Sooner or later I'll sure get in touch with him and then I'll find out whether he knows a bearded man named Hess. Get a good supper. Drink a couple of cups of coffee. Stay out in the air awhile or lie down and take a nap for an hour—and you'll get all over any weakness from your bump. The ache will gradually pass away. And last of all," he added, smiling, "be sure and make the girl say 'yes' whether she wants to or not."

I decided to follow his directions—the first three, anyway. So I walked back home. When I reached my steps I turned and made my way over to a little home restaurant which had lately opened up in the neighborhood. After I had finished with a meal which was as different from one of Mrs. Witherspoon's as night is from day, I found that I was feeling almost as fine as I ever had. Only a slight drawn sensation existed in the region where the shillalah had come into forcible contact with my head. My nerves, I admit, seemed still a little shaky, but whether from the effects of my unlucky encounter with Peter Hess or from the thought that the coming evening would decide my fate with the girl I had hungered for during a long five months, I cannot say.

EIGHT o'clock found me all dressed in readiness for the visit with Aline; as for composure, I was now well fortified by a short nap. After a final application of cold witch hazel to the swelling on my head, I donned my straw hat and left the house. A few minutes' fast walking brought me to the big red house at 106 Walton place, where Aline Burnett—alone like myself in a big city—boarded.

I must surely have been in love, for, when she walked into the stuffy parlor I could hardly refrain from catching my breath at the sheer wonder of her. Clad in a blue serge skirt and a short-sleeved white shirtwaist, and with a little red silk hat ineffectually holding in a number of yellow-gold ringlets, she represented to me at that moment all that was valuable and desirable in life.

"Come," I said, without any loss of time, "and walk along the Drive. We'll find a bench down on the shore of the lake where we can watch the lights on the Government Pier and talk to our hearts' content without being interrupted by a thousand and one boarders. I've got scads and scads of news to tell you and I'll warrant the more I tell you the more interested you'll get."

"I was going to suggest that myself, David," she replied. "That's why I had my hat on when you came in. I've got a piece of news for you, too—but I don't believe it will interest you either one way or another."

Together we left the house. Soon we turned the corner of Walton place and found ourselves on Lake Shore Drive, with its magnificent residences, and its dozens of young couples like ourselves, laughing ond talking as they walked along. A few moments later we swung over to the concrete walk that fringes the lake itself and finally came upon a wooden bench which we appropriated without any delay.

Now I was in for it! How to begin—that was the question. The more I thought about the business in hand, the more my confidence and courage dwindled away. As we settled ourselves on the bench I wondered vaguely how, if Aline's answer should be "no," I could ever adjust myself to a life from which she should be totally absent. What a dull, hopeless sort of an existence it would be, indeed.

"Now," I asked, seeking vainly for some excuse for delaying my task, which, since it was directly upon me, loomed up as formidably as the Panama Canal must have loomed up before its builders, "tell me this piece of news which you claim isn't likely to interest me at all." I became a little bolder. "Any news from your lips would interest me beyond anything else."

"Oh!" she said, with what I imagined was a little catch in her voice, "you're just saying that because it sounds nice, David. Why don't you tell that to your sweetheart?" I made no reply, so she went on: "Tell me all your news first—and then I'll tell you mine—and after that—I guess—I guess we'll have to go home."

For the life of me I couldn't grasp the meaning of her words at that time, altho later their meaning became plain, mighty plain. However, looking out over the dark waters toward the twinkling lights on each side of the Government Pier, I began:

"Well, Aline, as to your advice about telling it to my sweetheart, I'll have to confess up that haven't ever been able to have a sweetheart. Kenwood has been paying me the enormous salary of one hundred dollars per month—and one hundred dollars per month won't support a wife decently in Chicago. You know that." She made no reply, so I went on.

"But yesterday Griggsby put his official O. K. on a personal by Kenwood that they join together in a large New York brokerage office. Since you've handled Kenwood's correspondence, you undoubtedly knew that the thing was hang-

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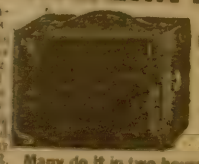

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ing fire. And that's precisely what Kenwood sent me to New York about."

"Now," I continued, "Kenwood is going to New York to take his position in the larger office. David Rand, your pleased narrator, is to have charge of our Chicago office at two hundred dollars per—a neat little salary and one which, to my mind, will surely grow now that it's started."

She leaned forward and unconsciously put her hand on my arm.

"Oh, David," she cried, while I thrilled at her touch, "I'm so glad—so glad—for your sake. I always felt that nothing could hold you down."

"Yes," I admitted, "my luck seems to have turned at last. On account of all this, next week will find me sitting in Kenwood's private office with yourself as my stenographer."

She made a motion as if to speak but I held up my hand, for I was warming up to my subject and dared not risk a break in my words.

"But," I added quickly, "I don't want you as a stenographer, Aline. I love you—there—it's out after a long five months of holding it back—and I want you as a wife instead. If you'd like to see David Rand successful in this new position your answer will be 'yes.' If, on the other hand, you want to have all the happiness and sunshine depart from his life—your answer will be otherwise. And now, dear, which of the two is it to be?"

She made no attempt to speak, only staring at me as tho she were utterly dumfounded. Finally she seemed to find her voice.

"David, David," she said, her breath coming in little gasps, "why—why—why did you never tell me during all these long months which have passed—that—that you loved me? Why—why did you wait until tonight of all nights? Why—" She paused and then went on: "I'm at a loss to know how to tell you something which must be told. If you had only——" And she stopped.

Nervously she raised her hand to the back of the bench where it became illuminated by the light from a flaming arc lamp, several hundred feet back of us on the Drive. What I saw caused me to utter an exclamation—to stare fascinatedly at her hand.

Never before had I seen her wear rings or other jewelry. But tonight, on the third finger of her left hand, was a copperish-gold band with a shining silver horseshoe fastened to the top of it—the very ring, in fact, that I had been examining in my room a few hours before!

CHAPTER V.

BAD NEWS FROM O'ROURKE.

FOR a full moment I stared at it, unable to believe the evidence of my own eyes. Then I managed to ejaculate:

"Aline! Where—where did you get that ring?"

Without speaking, she looked far out in the lake—out toward the great white light on the Government pier which just at that moment was changing automatically to red. Then she turned suddenly and answered my query.

"I got it, David, from the man whose wife I—I promised to be—tonight."

My heart sank. A feeling of disappointment, bewilderment, defeat, passed over me.

"And may I ask, Aline, who he is?"

"Surely," she replied in a low voice, "I had intended to tell you all about it tonight—and it was for that very reason that I wanted to take a walk instead of remaining in the parlor of the boarding-house. His name I —well—you must know it already—it's Mr. Kenwood."

"Jack Kenwood!" I exclaimed bitterly. "I never thought—never dreamed that you cared for him. I didn't imagine that you cared particularly for any one."

Again she looked away. Then she turned to me once more.

"Oh, David, why did you never tell me before—that—that you cared? Why did you remain silent until tonight? There was some one for whom I cared—but he waited too long."

Suddenly the import of her words dawned on me.

"You surely don't mean," I asked eagerly, "that you cared for me all the time?"

She nodded silently.

"Then why," I questioned bitterly, "did you accept Kenwood—if you did not love him? And do you know where Kenwood got that ring? Why I had intended to tell you tonight of the most amazing experience connected with that very band that's on your finger—and now the whole experience becomes more unexplainable than ever."

She put her hand on my arm once more.

"Listen," she said softly, "and I'll tell you everything—the whole miserable explanation. And then—then—if it's really true that you love me——"

"Love you?" I interrupted, "I feel as tho I could eat you alive. It's a poor way to express it—but that's how much I love you."

She laughed an uneasy little laugh.

"Yes, love me enough to eat me alive—and yet not enough ever to have asked me to be your wife. Isn't that a little paradoxical, David?"

I was just about to answer her statement when she raised her hand in a gesture which told me to wait.

"David," she asked, "have you ever tried to picture to yourself what the life of a girl is—when she's alone in a big city and earning the munificent sum of twelve dollars a week? Don't shake your head. I know full well that such a thing has never entered your mind. Do you know that after paying for board, room and clothes, a girl has nothing—absolutely nothing—left for carfare, for doctors' bills, for dentists' bills? Do you know that every pair of shoes she buys means the foregoing on her part of lunches for several weeks at a time? Do you know that it means the most rigorous self-denial just to exist? That amusements are things which are absolutely unthought of? Altho," she added suddenly, "you have given me lots of good times, David. I'm willing to admit that.

"Then, David, picture to yourself a girl under those conditions. Suppose that she—she—she did care for one man—but that his whole conduct had never been anything but that of a mere friend. And suppose she finally decided to herself that, beyond all shadow of doubt, he did not care—and that he was never going to ask her to be more than—just a friend. Can you picture all this, David?"

"Too, too well," I replied. "I am seeing things now—where I was blind before."

"Then," she continued, "suppose that this girl—or any girl in the same situation—were approached by her employer at 5 oclock at night and suppose he said —David, I should not tell this—but of all persons you are the one who should know the truth of the matter."

"Go ahead," I said firmly. "I'd like to know the truth. You may be sure that it will be an absolute secret between us."

"Very well. Suppose then that her employer told her that he, too, cared for her—and that he had cared for her for a long time—and that a big business deal was now going to demand that he change his permanent residence from Chicago to New York—and that in leaving, he wanted to take her with him as his wife.

"Suppose, then, that the bitterness of the long struggle of that girl to live cleanly and respectably recurred to her with such force that she hesitated, wavered, knowing that she did not love him in the way she should.

"And suppose that he told her that he did not expect her to love him at first, since she had known him thus far in the capacity of an employer only, but that in time to come, when she had become acquainted with him as a husband, she would care for him far more than she believed possible.

"Suppose, David, that bills—a doctor's bill and a dentist's bill in particular—were pressing this girl and that she had no money to pay them with. Suppose that she wanted to get away from Chicago so that she might forget the one who did not—did not—care enough for her apparently to ask her to share his one hundred dollar salary. Suppose that her shoes were in holes on the bottom. What would you have done, David, if you had been in this girl's place?"

"My God!" I exclaimed, "I should have done exactly what this girl did. I'd have said 'yes' to the devil himself."

"And that's exactly what I did, David. I said 'yes'—not to the devil—but to a man who has always treated me politely and considerately—but whom I think of at this time only as a friend, Mr. Kenwood."

"NOW that you've told me this," I replied, "and all these circumstances connected with the case of Aline Burnett, I want to ask you a great, long, hypothetical question, very similar to your own. I love you—and something must be done to right this mistake, for I can't live away from you, Aline. That is—unless you want things to go along now just as they've started."

"No, no, no!" she protested. "We've found the truth almost too late—but not

Free Asthma and Hay Fever Remedy

D. J. Lane, a chemist at 115 Lane Bldg., St. Marys, Kan., manufactures a remedy for asthma and hay fever, in which he has so much confidence that he sends a $1.25 bottle by mail to any one who will write him for it. His offer is that he is to be paid for it if it cures and the one taking the treatment is to be the judge.—Adv.

Cures Goitre or Costs Nothing.

Any reader who suffers from the above disease can be quickly cured at home without risking a penny through the remarkable discovery of R. F. Boies, 100 16th St., Sedalia, Mo. Don't send a penny—just write Mr. Boies and he will send you full particulars about his 30 day trial offer which costs you nothing if it does not cure.—Adv.

CURES PILES OR COSTS NOTHING.

Any reader who suffers from the above disease can be quickly cured without risking a penny through the remarkable discovery of W. R. Darlington, 302 Kuro Building, Kansas City, Mo. Don't send a penny—just write Mr. Darlington and he will send you a regular 10 day FREE TRIAL Treatment. If it cures send $2.00. Otherwise you owe nothing.—Adv.

LEG SORES

The Bayles Distributing Co., 1856 Grand Ave., Kansas City, Mo., will mail Free Sample of ANTI-FLAMMA, a Soothing Anti-septic Poultice that draws out the poisons, stops the itching around sores and Heals While You Work. Write today describing case.—Adv.

LADIES, PRESERVE YOUR YOUTHFUL APPEARANCE.

Madame Mignette's Beauty Cream and Skin Food removes every defect, spot, freckle, pimple, blemish or wrinkle, leaving the skin soft, clear and smooth. It is perfectly harmless and will not injure the most delicate tissue. Thousands and thousands have found it to be the most delightful way to keep the complexion in the perfect condition. It is in this connection used extensively at present. This preparation has been used for years, and hundreds are now using it and are more than delighted with the results. Send us ten (10) cents for formula which you can have filled at any drug store at a very small cost. Do not delay, but write at once. Box 491, Blairsville, Pa.

—Adv.

FACTORY TO YOU SUITS $15 and New Spring Top Coats

MEN! Save the Retailer's Profit!

Equal to any you can buy in any clothing store for $25.00 or your money back

FREE "A MOVIE TRIP through a real clothing factory" tells you how SAFETY FIRST CLOTHES are made and how we protect you every way in price, style and fit. Write for your free copy today to that big Clothing Factory.

MEYERS BROS., Inc. *Established 1865*
2148 Market Street Philadelphia, Pa.

$2,000 CASH PRIZES

How Would You Like $1,000 Cash

That is quite a lot of money to get for a little work which is just fun (finding the most words in the County Fair picture). Wouldn't you be pleased to have the postman surprise you some day with a letter containing a check for $1,000? We propose to send this check and 143 other checks to 143 of our friends and customers. Would you like to be one of them. Answer this today and you may win the $1,000.

RULES

1. The contest is open to every man, woman, girl or boy living in U. S. or Canada, except employees or relatives of employees of the American Horticulture Co.

2. You must use only one side of paper. Number your list of objects, 1, 2, 3, etc. Contestant's full name and address must be written on each page in the upper right hand corner.

3. English words only will be accepted as they appear in Webster's International Dictionary. Plurals only if regularly formed. No abbreviations, slang, coined or obsolete words will be counted. Each word must be found in the picture.

4. Compound, obsolete, foreign words cannot be used.

5. The same spelling of a word will be counted only once even though it is used for different articles or objects, or parts of them. Each article or object can be given only under one name.

6. Two or more people may work together in answering the puzzle. However, only one prize will be given to any one household. No prizes will be awarded to more than one of any combination where two or more have worked together.

7. If a contestant sends more than one list under the same name, an assumed name, or a pre-married name, then all lists of such contestant will be disqualified. If more than one list is sent by any group or by any members of the same group who have cooperated in the preparation of such lists, then such contestants will be disqualified.

8. All answers must be received through the mail by the American Horticulture Co., Des Moines, Iowa, and must be postmarked on or before postoffice closing time, October 28, 1922, the date contest closes.

9. The prizes will be awarded for the answer containing the largest and most nearly correct list of names of visible objects and articles beginning with "M" shown in the picture.

10. In the event of ties the full amount of the prizes tied for will be awarded to each tying contestant.

11. The decision will be made by three judges entirely independent of and having no connection with American Horticulture Co. Winning list will be made up from all correct lists submitted by [illegible] the "correct" or most nearly correct list as before the acceptance of the decision of the judges on [illegible]

12. At the close of the contest, when all lists have been graded names of prize winners and awards will be sent to any participant who sends us a stamped addressed envelope. Winning list will also be published in the Des Moines News of December 2, 1922.

What Do You See at County Fair?

Can you name more than 25 objects plainly visible in this County Fair picture, which begin with letter "M"? If so you may be able to win $1,000. We're going to give away $2,000 in 143 prizes just for advertising purposes to introduce our bulbs and trees to more people for fall planting. But you don't have to buy anything to win a prize. It don't cost a cent to enter the contest.

And just think! there are 143 chances to win. Surely you can be one of 143 people to submit the 143 largest and nearest correct lists of objects beginning with "M" which can be found in County Fair picture.

It's easy. Just take a look. There's a mouse, man, mule, etc. You can find 25 in no time. Wouldn't you like to get $1,000? What would you do with it? You have just as good a chance as anyone.

We are perfectly willing and able to pay these big prizes and award them honestly or this paper would not carry our advertising.

WIN A RADIO PHONE FREE

Yes, we are giving away Radiophone sets as prizes too! And what is more I can positively guarantee you a Radiophone set FREE. ABSOLUTELY EVERY CONTESTANT who reaches a certain point will be given a [illegible] prize. This [illegible] Radiophone Contest. You can get a Radiophone by doing a little easy [illegible]

THE AIR IS FULL OF MESSAGES.

Air messages [illegible] coming back and forth over the country. Get in line and have a modern Radiophone in your home. Then at evenings, "Listen in" to what is going on even before the newspapers get it!

Our Amco Radiophones are all complete with [illegible] and talk for a few cents per [illegible] Can be set up in a few minutes.

Your Greatest Opportunity

Now don't waste a minute but get busy! Begin making your "M" word list so you can send it in. Use this picture if it's plain or send to us for a larger copy of the picture free.

SEND NO MONEY

Remember it costs you nothing to enter the contest and there's no "game of chance" nor luck about it, but just a contest of skill in finding the largest and nearest correct list of "M" words in this County Fair picture. If you can name the most you can win $1,000 cash or if you send one of the 143 largest lists you also get a good prize. Also I will tell you how you can get an Amco Radiophone set [illegible] without [illegible] at all.

Fall Bulbs, Plants, Trees

We make homes beautiful. We sell direct to you at a big saving. We import our bulbs and make another big saving for our customers. Get your Peonies, Tulips, Hyacinths, Crocus, Narcissus, Iris, Lillies, etc., at our low bargain prices; also plants, field seeds and trees.

CASH PRIZES AND RADIOPHONE OFFERS

GRAND PRIZES	If no Order is sent	If Order is $1	If Order is $5	If Order is $5
1st	$25.00	$100.00	$200.00	$1,000.00
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
4th	5.00	10.00	20.00	[illegible] and Radiophone
5th	5.00	10.00	20.00	[illegible] and Radiophone
6th to 10th	4.00	8.00	12.00	[illegible] and Radiophone
11th to 24th	3.00	6.00	8.00	[illegible]
25th to 35th	2.00	3.00	4.00	[illegible]
36th to 143rd	1.00	1.50	2.00	2.00

The prize you win will be increased as shown in three last columns if you order bulbs, plants seeds, nursery stock in following amounts:

Total 143 Grand Cash Prizes, $2,000.00, and seven Amco Radiophones.

Winners of 11th to 143rd prizes may apply double the amount of their cash prizes toward radio sets.

Sets are priced special to contestants at $24.95. Deduct twice the amount of cash prize award and send balance in cash if you want a Radiophone.

Ask for particulars of Free Radiophones to all contestants.

Don't Wait--WRITE TODAY

Don't wait to finish your word list—you may need a week for that and you ought to have the big pleasure to work from. Send your name along and full particulars about the Amco Radiophone Sets offered free to all. You get an absolutely square deal here. We're just finished our $2,000 winter contest. Ask for list of winners. You can enter this list one and be a winner. Address me personally. F. J. Wright, Pres.

American Horticulture Co., Dept. 5009 Des Moines, Iowa

quite too late. But tell me your own question, David."

"Suppose," I began, "that from the time of your earliest remembrance you had been a little adopted boy living in a small Ohio town, Cedardale, to be exact. Suppose that all you knew of your father and mother—or of your name—was limited to what was told you by the kindhearted people who took care of you and treated you as their own son. And suppose that knowledge consisted of only the few following facts:

"That your father—or the man who claimed to be your father—had alighted in Cedardale, Ohio, from a train on an afternoon in the year 1896, bringing with him yourself, a helpless baby, whose mother—according to the story of the man who accompanied you—had died about a month before; that your father never gave any intimation of where he came from, nor who he was, beyond rendering the slight information that his own name was David Rand, Sr., and that the baby's name was David Rand, Jr. Furthermore, according to the story told you by your foster parents, he paid them board money for yourself and himself, regularly and promptly, and after a month or so secured a position in the little Cedardale bank as a bookkeeper. There he made an extraordinarily good showing and distinguished himself both for his business ability and his acumen. The only statement he ever volunteered regarding his past life was that he had been a failure—a miserable failure—all thru his own fault, and that he had come to the tiny village of Cedardale where people were fair, and square, and honorable, in order that he might live in peace and happiness and bring up his little boy. That was the sole information which he gave out. So now for the events which followed.

"With his past life a mystery, and his life in Cedardale a sad and evidently depressing existence for him, he suddenly crumpled up and died—apparently from typhoid fever—but actually from deep grief at—what? Who knows? Whatever the cause may have been, the family with whom he boarded in Cedardale buried him, using the funds which they found on his person. Then, since they had taken a fancy to the little boy and had no children of their own, they brought him up until he was old enough to go to work in the Cedardale bank where his father had worked a few short months, years before.

"Suppose now, Aline, that you were this young fellow and that you finally came to Chicago, knowing but the few facts about yourself that I've already told you. Suppose that among all these facts there were only two which could serve as a clew to who your father was: First, his name was ostensibly David Rand, Sr., providing that some dark disgrace in his past life had not been the cause of his assuming that name when he began a new life in Cedardale, Ohio; secondly, that when he died there was taken from his watch chain a tiny key in addition to the watch itself. And the latter article bore no initials, no date, nothing, in fact, but the picture of a pretty woman—very likely Mrs. David Rand, Sr.

"Then, suppose, as I've already said, that you came to that big, noisy, roaring, clanking wilderness called Chicago, and that you finally met the one girl whom you loved with all your heart and soul; that you climbed up to a salary—a meagre salary—of one hundred dollars a month; that you seemed to stop at that amount, unable to earn more. And now comes the principal part of my long hypothetical question.

"Would you—knowing that your life was inextricably tangled up with some mystery, perhaps a disgrace, possibly something which was the cause of your name and your father's name being absolutely fictitious—and knowing that you were earning insufficient to keep a wife and maintain any decent sort of an establishment—would you ask that girl to take a name which might not be your own and to share the woes of a stoveheated flat and an income of one hundred dollars per month?"

IT WAS a long speech, but it was over at last. Then I waited for her reply. Seeing that I had finished, she answered me.

"David, David," she said softly, "all that explanation just to lead up to one simple question. Dear, if you had asked this girl she would have considered but two things: First, that she was getting you—instead of your name which is as good as any other, and second, that the stoveheated flat would be home."

I am only human. Fair as I had always tried to be to my fellow man, and especially to my employer, Jack Kenwood, I forgot it all in that instant. With a quick glance along the lake shore to make sure that it was totally deserted by this time, I drew her over to me and kissed her full on the lips.

"Thank God, then," I said, "it's not too late after all. Tomorrow you can give Kenwood back his ring. But," I went on, "for the life of me, I can't understand how that came into his possession."

She gazed at me wide-eyed. So I launched forth in a complete recital of how the bearded man whose card carried the name Peter Hess had come to my room, and, after knocking me unconscious with one blow of the shillalah, had carried away the ring and the severed human finger. Then, since she looked incredulous, I allowed her to feel the bump on the back of hy head.

"I can't understand it either, David. You say there was a finger in the same purse with this ring? Ugh! I don't feel as tho I want it on my own hand since I learned that. But here are the few circumstances which underlay Mr. Kenwood's transference of it to me. He left the office at about ten minutes of 5—whether to keep an appointment or on a matter of business, I can't say. At any rate, he came back at going-home time—5 o'clock—just as the last one of the other office workers had left. Then he sat down at my typewriter table and told me what I had felt for a long time was coming. When I foolishly said 'yes' on account of my discouragement with things in general, he told me that he would seal our engagement with a ring which had a strange history—a history which he would tell me some day when we had more leisure. And he promised that tomorrow night he would have what he described as a 'beautiful, one-carat diamond ring' to take its place. And then—then—he kissed me—and I left the office with my thoughts in a whirl—because I had crossed the Rubicon—and couldn't ever go back."

"Will you let me take that ring tonight," I asked, "and show it to O'Rourke? He's terribly anxious to see it. No one but the three of us need know about it—and I would like to give him the opportunity of looking it over, especially since he's become so interested in the case. Tomorrow morning, Aline, you can wait downstairs at the first elevator in the National Life Building and I'll hand it back so that Kenwood need not know that it ever left your possession. And—if you still feel then as you do tonight, dear, you can tell him that you made a mistake."

Instantly she drew the ring off her finger and handed it to me. I slipped it into my vest pocket. By the light from the driveway in back of us, I saw her face suddenly cloud. Then she said:

"I'm afraid, David, this will mean the stove-heated flat for us, after all. When I tell Mr. Kenwood tomorrow that I've made a mistake—that I have decided to marry the one I really want—he—he will——"

"He will what?" I asked.

"He will never make you manager at two hundred dollars a month. You'll lose your position before night time. I feel certain of it."

My face must have fallen. The thought of such a contingency as that had never occurred to me. Now that I looked at the matter squarely and calmly, I realized from what I knew of Kenwood and his tactics in winning his way in spite of obstacles of any nature whatsoever, that he would do anything and everything in his power to beat me. From long association with him in his brokerage office I had come to know the man and every phase of his character.

For a long while we sat and discussed this last difficulty that had suddenly confronted us. But finally we decided that it was best, nevertheless, that she should go to Kenwood next day with his ring—and tell him the truth before matters should progress farther than they had. And if he should take advantage of our business relations and oust me from my position on some pretext or other, I would have to hunt for another elsewhere. It seemed as tho, now that Aline had consented to be my wife, no obstacle was unsurmountable.

Seeing that Lake Shore drive had now begun to be almost totally devoid of rushing automobiles and theater-returning cabs, and realizing that it was late, we arose and walked slowly back to the Walton place boarding-house. After I had secured one last wonderful kiss in the dark shadows of the doorway, I turned my steps homeward, resolving to call up O'Rourke without any delay and inform him that I now had the ring which had accompanied the severed finger in Peter Hess' purse. And as I walked back, taking it slowly on account of the soreness of my ankle, I wondered whether Peter Hess had been arrested at the Paris Hotel by this time, or whether he had eluded the plain-clothes man who had gone after him.

When I reached the house I opened the front door quietly and tiptoed down the dark hall to the soundproof booth. On the way I passed the clock whose hands showed the time to 11:30. Once in the booth, I dropped my nickel in the slot and asked for Central 3615. Somewhat to my surprise, I recognized the voice which answered as that of O'Rourke himself.

"That you, O'Rourke?" I said jubilantly. "You'll fall over with surprise when you hear what I have to tell you. I've got the very ring that was in Peter Hess' possession when he fled this house a few hours ago. And it came originally from ——"

"Just a minute, Rand," he replied. "Your information is mighty surprising, to say the least. But I've got some bad news for you."

"Bad news?" I echoed wonderingly.

"Yes," he returned. "Bad news. Your two hundred dollar job has gone a-glimmering. Jack Kenwood was found murdered in his office at 10 o'clock tonight!"

Another big installment of this story will appear in the Ledger next week. Lovers of mysteries and riddles will be sure to find it to their liking. Besides the stubborn problem of the curious rings—for there is more than one, as the title of the story intimates—mystery, strange and deep, plays its tantalizing part in the lives of several of the characters who enact the drama—a tragic, as well as romantic one in its complete details. More about the rings in next week's Ledger.

❧ ❧ ❧

What Has Been Has Been.

"Do you think the women will go back to long skirts?"

"I don't know. Anyhow, why worry about it? We've seen 'em all in the short ones."

❧ ❧ ❧

Time to Wind Up.

The Doctor—You are entirely run down—you need a rest.

The Patient—Well, I'll wind up my business, shall I, and stop working?

Get Back Your Grip On Health

A MAN is just as young and strong as his blood. No man can fight the battles of life and hold his own if his blood is not pure, for rich red blood is what strength is based upon. When you see a strong, vigorous man, who never knows when he is licked, you may wager that such a man has coursing through his veins rich, red blood. Many people have thin, pale blood. They are weak, tire easily, become discouraged quickly, and sometimes feel like giving up the struggle. Such folks need Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery.

The stomach is the center of the body from which radiates our vitality, strenuosity, our fighting strength. A healthy stomach turns the food we eat into nourishment for the blood stream and the nerves. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery refreshes and tones up the stomach walls. Removes the poisonous gases from the system.

The first day you start to take this reliable medicine, impure germs and accumulations begin to separate in the blood and are then expelled through the liver, bowels and kidneys. Get Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery today from any medicine dealer; it is a powerful blood purifier and tonic.

Indianapolis, Ind.—"For three or four years I suffered terribly with backache and pains in my stomach. Most of the time my appetite was poor. I took one bottle of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and soon began to improve, and by the time I had taken the fourth bottle I was well. I can now eat and work as well as ever. However, I continue to take the Golden Medical Discovery occasionally."—John K. Johnson, 2139 Martindale Ave.

Send 10c to Dr. Pierce's Invalids' Hotel in Buffalo, N. Y., for a trial package of Golden Medical Discovery Tablets.

$550.00 Overland Auto FREE

Million dollar publishing house now starting big advertising campaign and will give away latest model $550 Overland Touring Car, fully equipped, freight and war tax paid; also many other fine prizes and cash awards. Don't envy others—you can ride in your own new car in exchange for a little pleasant effort. No experience or hard work necessary. Our plan so liberal and easy that former winners were surprised they won. Use for profit your spare time that would otherwise be wasted.

Find the Faces in This Picture

In the scenery around the automobile are six partly hidden faces. If you can find four of them, mark them with a cross (X) and send this advertisement to us as directed below. For doing this we will credit you with 2,000 Votes free toward winning the Overland Automobile, and in addition you will receive a beautiful surprise present which you will delight in owning.

Everyone Gets a Prize—You Can't Lose

To share in this big Prize Offering all you need to do is to help make known our three popular papers in your neighborhood. Votes will be given for all subscriptions secured, and the one with highest vote score on August 31st gets the Overland free of all cost. In case of a tie duplicate prizes will be awarded. Besides the chance to win this fine car, you will be liberally paid in cash or premiums for the subscriptions you send us. You do not invest a single dollar—you have absolutely nothing to lose. This is the fairest campaign of the kind ever conducted.

Send Your Answer To Puzzle Quick

The thing of first importance is to send your answer to the puzzle, together with 4c in stamps AT ONCE for prompt mailing and free surprise present. You will then receive our big Auto Winning Outfit with complete details of our plan, 5 big papers worth 20c; a free surprise present of three beautiful postcards; and 2,000 Votes toward the Auto for solving the puzzle. Send your answer TODAY.

AUTO PUZZLE DEPT. O-3, W. D. BOYCE CO., 500 N. Dearborn Street, Chicago

If Ruptured Try This Free

Apply it to Any Rupture, Old or Recent, Large or Small and You are on the Road That Has Convinced Thousands.

Sent Free to Prove This

Anyone ruptured, man, woman or child, should write at once to W. S. Rice, 524A Main St., Adams, N. Y., for a free trial of his wonderful stimulating application. Just put it on the rupture and the muscles begin to tighten; they begin to bind together so that the opening closes naturally and the need of a support or truss or appliance is then done away with. Don't neglect to send for this free trial. Even if your rupture doesn't bother you what is the use of wearing supports all your life? Why suffer this nuisance? Why run the risk of gangrene and such dangers from a small and innocent little rupture, the kind that has thrown thousands on the operating table? A host of men and women are daily running such risk just because their ruptures do not hurt nor prevent them from getting around. Write at once for this free trial, as it is certainly a wonderful thing and has aided in the cure of ruptures that were as big as a man's two fists. Try and write at once, using the coupon below.

Free For Rupture

W. S. Rice, Inc.,
524A Main St., Adams, N. Y.

You may send me entirely free a Sample Treatment of your stimulating application for Rupture.

Name .....

Address .....

State .....

The Hustler

(Concluded From Page 16.)

pockets and finally brought out another roll, greasy and torn. "Ach, four, five." With agony he watched each dollar leave his hand. The bundle of clothes he tossed to one side of the counter carelessly.

Outraged in soul, and suddenly very lonely, Mr. Stuney left the store.

IV.

THE music of the band mocked him as he walked slowly back home, his mouth working, to keep itself straight, and his eyes dimmed with hurt pride.

A little boy passed, carrying an unmounted silk flag under his arm. Mr. Stuney paused and took off his hat.

"Ain't she a beaut?" yelled the boy. "It's for old Mr. Cooper's funeral tomorrow. Old man Hobson told me to rush 'er up there."

Mr. Stuney steadied himself against a tree box. He realized that he was very tired. He had walked too fast to the pawnshop. He felt an absurd, childish desire to sit right down on the curbstone and put his feet in the gutter.

He turned and watched after the flag that the boy was delivering. "It is good," he thought, with a poetic joy in all things which were perfect. But his mind could not be cajoled away from the fifteen dollars which he must get. He had only eight of it now, and no more securities.

He became aware of a rough, loud voice beside him. "Sure!" it was explaining to another voice, "easy money. I tell you I made seven dollars a day workin' for 'em. Easy! Now if you let"—the owner of the voice passed on. But he had put a surprising idea into Mr. Stuney's head. It did not occur to Mr. Stuney that the passerby was massively, almost colossally built, with brawny arms and a bullet head. Mr. Stuney turned toward the public library.

He started up the stairs briskly, as usual, but halfway up he remembered that there was no need of it—Mr. Hobson would not be there to listen. This seemed fortunate, too, because his feet lifted heavily, and his hand clung to the dusty railing with unaccustomed feebleness.

The librarian was arranging the long reading tables. She glanced impatiently at Mr. Stuney as he came in.

"I'll not be here long," he found himself explaining to her, apologetically.

She looked up curtly, with annoyance. "Well, I'm sure you have a perfect right to be here, Mr. Stuney."

Her words made him cold, and more lonely. He took the Castleton Evening Journal from its rack, settled himself at a table, and tried to put his attention on the want ad page. His forefinger, shapely and thin, traveled the length of a column. His eyes took in the printed words. But his brain was busy with other matters. "Able-bodied men," he read, and he thought of Hobson, with his grotesquely big, broad face, and brown hands. "Hobson's the man they want," he mumbled to himself, with a flicker of amusement. He had an irrelevant vision of Hobson chasing steers out in a plain, with a silk flag draped around him, with Phil Cooper hobbling after him, demanding the flag. Then he saw a yellow-toothed Jew bounding after them both in long strides. "I can't give you nothing for that flag," the Jew was saying.

Mr. Stuney put his hand to his head and leaned wearily forward on the table. With a weak smile he turned to the librarian.

"If I might have your hand to hold," he whispered feverishly, "and if you could promise, Maggie, to see to paying Mr. Hobson that seven dollars, why—I think I'll take a little nap."

The librarian crept over to him.

Feebly he drew an envelope from his pocket and handed it to her. "Here's eight of it, Maggie—we only need seven. And I'm not feeling so brisk today as I have." He let himself fall limply down on the table.

Outside, in the dusk, the Castleton band was still marching and playing. As if they had guessed the desperately hard thing which the sleek-haired librarian was watching, they struck up "Yankee Doodle" in ridiculously fast time. If Mr. Stuney smiled, it could only have been the librarian's imagination.

With cold, wet cheeks she opened her purse and took seven dollars from it. Reverently she added this to the envelope, which she returned to Mr. Stuney's hand. She went over to the telephone.

* * *

Quail

(Continued From Page 2.)

"My Gawd," she cried finally, "do ya call THAT a house?"

"Maymee——"

"It's nothin' but a one-room gol-darn shack! Call that a fine house? I'm goin' right back. Ya liar, Tony. I'm goin' right back!" She swung round, sobbing, and began to patter up the hill toward the road.

He grasped her arm. "Aw, Maymee, you marry me. See porch—I fix. Think all you." Tears choked her throat and blurred her vision. She snatched away her arm. "Come, inside, see how nice? Fix other room, bye, bye, Maymee, pleese!"

After a period of pleading, she protestingly allowed herself to be led inside. With the hand of a lover and the eye of an artist, Tony had mingled the limbs of the buckeye and the willow and had achieved a table, a bench and an armchair. A cheap bed, an old cookstove and a large trunk constituted the remainder of the furniture. Pictures, taken from magazines, were grouped under the two lace-hung windows.

"Sit down, Maymee," he begged, bringing forth the chair.

She petulantly refused.

"Hungry?" he asked with an apologetic laugh. "I fix soup." He took a half-gallon tomato can from the window ledge, and placed it upon the stove. He stepped outside the door to pick up some kindling.

Indignation was welling up within her. She took the can from the stove, sniffed at the contents, and then hurried to the door. "Call that a kettle," she sobbed, "an' that dago stuff—soup!" She swung the can toward him. It slipped from her hand; the spaghetti, tomatoes and onions rolled into the weeds.

"Maymee," he said sorrowfully.

She banged herself down on the foot of the bed, her face buried in her arms, her shoulders heaving.

He bent over her and attempted to embrace her. "Maymee, mus' get use to house."

"Don't call it a house," she jerked. "If—if—ya'd called it a—shack—I'd know—what to—expect."

"Maymee, no cry. Hungry. Not like soup, so I——" He paused listening to outside sounds.

"Yes, I am hungry." She rose and made her way to her handbag. "I'm goin' back to my room, an——"

He continued as tho he had not heard the last remark, "I get, Maymee, quail."

"What ya gonna git?"

"Quail for Maymee."

"'Quail!' Only swells have quail—on toast. Some kindda bird. I heard about it. Ya can't stuff me with a new line a goff."

"Sure, Maymee." He unlocked his trunk and brought out a gun. "I eata quail ever' day."

"Point that outside. I—I don't believe ya."

"I get—than you believe?"

"All right," she said in a resigned manner. "But if ya ain't back in a half hour with a bunch of 'em, I'll know ya been stuffin' me."

He departed, twisting his head to gaze at her adoringly. "Not lie, Maymee. Bring quail on weddin' dinner."

HE HASTENED up a trail leading into a grove of scrub oak and manzanita, where he heard quail calling. As he scrambled thru the brush cottontail and other game ran or flew about him unheeded. He was determined on quail.

He moved along a brush fence, adjoining a grain field. Before he got near enough to shoot a flock of plump quail, with a whirr like a miniature airplane, rose in the air. In desperation he took aim. Just then, a screeching tribe of blackbirds flew from the grain field and circled him, flying between him and the quail. Nevertheless he shot, and birds flopped to the earth.

When he gathered his spoil from the leaves and twigs, he found that he had shot six blackbirds. The quail were winging their way to a tall grove of eucalyptus across a deep ravine.

Sunk in gloom, fearing his half hour had elapsed, he decided to exhibit the blackbirds to Maymee to prove that he was a good shot, and to beg for another half hour.

As he approached the cabin, she stood in the doorway, swinging her handbag. "Maymee,"—he began pleadingly, holding aloft the blackbirds.

She whirled back into the room, laid her bag in a corner, tossed her hat onto the bed, and pushed up her sleeves. "Got any spuds?"

In the space of thirty seconds the expressions of astonishment, consternation, joy, determination chased one another over Tony's countenance. He eagerly brought in a pailful of the vegetables.

"I'll cook the spuds," she tendered, contemplating him with proud eyes, "you cook the"—she gestured toward the game—"I don't know how."

When the wedding feast was spread, Tony drew up the bench and tenderly helped her to be seated. She sighed, dropped her head on his shoulder, and pridefully regarded her surroundings, tinged with the mauve-russett of the setting sun. "In our own house," she breathed, "an' eatin' quail—ya'd think we was millionaires!"

* * *

Looked the Wrong Way.

INVESTOR—What do you mean by falsely representing the property? The notice stated that there was a view of fifty miles, and I couldn't see fifty yards.

Agent—No deception at all, sir. Which way did you look?

Investor—Well, I looked all round me, and I could not see out of the valley.

"Well, mister," returned the agent, "you didn't look right. If you had gazed up, there'd have been no trouble. I suppose you can see mor'n fifty miles up. I tell you, mister," he added, as the investor walked off, "we don't misrepresent the facts down here."

* * *

He Needed Tools.

TIRED Tim knocked at the door of the little cottage on the road to Pontypridd. It was a chilly day, and he felt very hungry.

The old lady who opened the door was a good sort.

She asked him into the kitchen and placed before him a nicely cooked meal, and asked him why he did not go to work.

"I would," replied Tim, "if I had the tools."

"What sort of tools do you want?" inquired the old lady.

"A knife and fork," said Tired Tim.

PROTECT YOUR HOME! YOURSELF

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22 Cal. 7 shots, 32 Cal. 5 shots, 38 Cal. 5 shots. Nickel or Blue Steel. Hard Regular $10.00 Value, Our Sale Price, Any Calibre, only..... **$5.45**

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We ship by return mail in plain package. Pay postmaster our less than wholesale price on arrival, plus a few pennies for postage. We offer only famous American made fire arms under their trade names.

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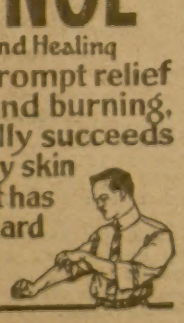
Gives such prompt relief from itching and burning, and so generally succeeds in clearing away skin disorders that it has become a standard treatment.



Spectacles on ten days-trial FREE

Don't Send Me One Penny

I Am Going To Mail You a Pair of the Latest-Style, Extra-Large, Round-Eye, *Sight-Improving* Spectacles Absolutely Free of Charge

I want you to take a good look at the spectacles in the above heading. Notice their size and shape. Compare them with the glasses you or your friends may be wearing right now. Notice the extra-large round eyes in these latest-style **sight-improving** spectacles. The glasses are as large and as round as a silver dollar, as you can see in the above picture; and completely cover every part of the human eye so you don't have to look over the tops of them or squint your eyes under the bottoms of them like you have to do when wearing the old-style small-eye spectacles for sale at stores.

These Latest-Style, Extra-Large, Round-Eye, *Sight-Improving* Spectacles Have Taken the Country by Storm

Thousands of spectacle-wearers from Maine to California have quit using the old-style small-eye egg-shaped glasses and are now wearing the latest-style extra-large round-eye **sight-improving** spectacles—which have practically taken the country by storm—and I am going to send you a pair of these up-to-date glasses complete in a very neat and handsome 10 karat gold-filled spectacle frame, to try fully ten days on your own eyes in your own home without a cent in advance or even a reference.

You Can Wear These Latest-Style, Extra-Large, Round-Eye, *Sight-Improving* Spectacles for Far or Near, for Reading or Looking Away Off in the Distance

As soon as you get them I want you to put them on your eyes and you will be agreeably surprised to discover that you can again read the finest print in your newspaper or magazine; you will be able to thread the smallest-eyed needle and do the finest kind of embroidery and crocheting with them on and do it all night long if you like without any headaches or eye pains and with as much ease and comfort as you ever did in your life.

You Can Use Them When Out Hunting, Driving or To the Movies If You So Desire

If you like to go hunting occasionally, put on these latest-style **sight-improving** spectacles, go out into the woods some bright sunny morning and you will be delighted to find how greatly they help you in sighting your gun and taking aim at your game. Or, if you go to the movies once in awhile, you can take a seat away in the back end of the theatre—to avoid the glimmer of the lights—and you will be pleased to notice that even the smallest words and pictures on the screen, look just as clear and as plain to you as though you were sitting right in the front row, with the aid of these latest-style, **sight-improving** spectacles.

Seeing Is Believing

Now I realize that it may be hard for you to believe that these latest-style, **sight-improving** spectacles will again bring back to you the absolutely perfect sight of your younger days. But you know the old saying "Seeing is believing" and I positively will not accept one single solitary penny from you until you have seen these latest-style spectacles and have found them more **sight-improving** to your own eyes than any spectacles you have ever bought anywhere at any price before. That is the reason why I am only asking you to fill out and mail me the coupon below, and I will immediately send you a handsome 10-karat gold-filled pair of the latest-style, extra-large, round-eye, **sight-improving** spectacles, by mail, all charges prepaid to try fully 10 days on your own eyes in your own home without a cent in advance or even a reference.

Cut Out this Coupon on this Line

AMERICAN SPECTACLE HOUSE, Dep't. 12, 55th & Dorchester Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Gentlemen:—I have read your liberal offer and want you to send me by mail all charges prepaid a handsome 10-karat gold-filled pair of your latest-style, extra-large, round-eye, **sight-improving** spectacles complete with an up-to-date leatherette spring-back pocket-book spectacle-case which you are offering on ten days absolute free trial. I am going to try them out for reading or looking away off in the distance, for far or near, indoors or outdoors and in every way you have mentioned above, and if I find them all you claim them to be after a ten days trial, I will pay you your advertising price of $2.85 and no more. I want you, however, to distinctly understand that if I do not find them to be right up-to-date in every respect or if they do not restore the absolutely perfect vision of my younger days, I will return them to you without a cent of pay as I don't intend to keep them unless they are much better than any spectacles I have ever used before and even then I positively will not pay for them unless I consider them a bargain at the advertising price of $2.85 which you are asking for them, and you will have to take my word as final in this matter. **Be Sure to Answer the Following Questions:**

How old are you? Ans...... *How many years have you used glasses (if any)? Ans.*.....

Name.....

County.....*Post Office*.....

Rural Route.....*Box No.*.....*State*.....

Street and No. (if any).....

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High Grade Knife $1.00
INTRODUCTION OFFER
Full size knife with any design wanted mailed for $1.00. For 25c. extra your name and address put on knife. Size 3¼ inches.

EASY MONEY $75 to $200 Monthly — All Or Spare Time.
We want Sales Agents in every county. Transparent handle Knives and Razors. Blades finest steel. Every knife guaranteed. We train the inexperienced.
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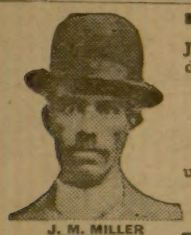
1123 Bar St., Canton, Ohio.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J. M. Miller, Ohio druggist, experimented on himself and discovered the home treatment known as

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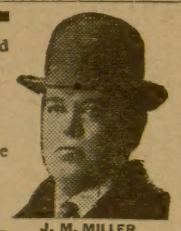
Anyone with coughs, bronchitis or colds may use under plain directions. Send name and address to

Addiline, 543 Arcade, Columbus, Ohio


J. M. MILLER
Latest Photo

Radio Sets Given

Anyone can operate our sets without previous experience
Radio, the wonder of the age! With one of our outfits you can "listen-in" and hear music, songs, news, weather reports, and oodles of entertainment from the large cities. All this is free from the air if you only have a Radio-phone receiving set. As easy to operate as a phonograph. We will give away 10 complete outfits worth up to $300 each. You can entertain your family and friends every day.

Solve this Puzzle Can you make out the word spelled by numbers in the squares to right? The alphabet is numbered—A is 1, B is 2, etc. What is the word? Can you work it out? Send no money with your answer, just the word and your name and address.

18	1
4	9	15

Send Answer Today Surely you want a fine up-to-the minute Radio set—all your own without a penny's cost. Besides Radio sets we will give hundreds of dollars in cash and special prizes. Nothing difficult to do. Everyone who answers can share in cash and prizes. Everybody wins! Send no money, just send your answer, name and address to us at once and you can get one of these 10 wonderful Radio outfits.

Radio Cook, Mgr. 141 W. Ohio St Dept. 2720, Chicago, Ill.

Our Wonderful Gift to Flower Lovers
The Cream of All Roses
Five Different Varieties—Five Glorious Colors

Each set contains five, strong, hardy, one-year-old Rose Bushes. All bushes will produce many fragrant flowers all summer. Beginning the first year you will be proud of your Rose Garden. If you accept our liberal offer your garden will contain all varieties and colors—red, white, pink, crimson and golden yellow—all fresh blooming beauties growing in wonderful clusters beside the fence, along the walks, side of your house or porch. Imagine the pleasure of having great loads of beautiful flowers—as many as you want—any time you want them.

By Special Arrangement with the largest and best known firm of rose growers in the world, we are enabled to give you five of the finest Hardy Ever-blooming Roses in cultivation—and to insure your COMPLETE success in growing them we will also send you special printed instructions on their planting and cultivation. There are five different varieties in the assortment and each of them is absolutely the PRIZE of its class, noted for its hardy vigorous habit of growth, liberal blooming qualities, symmetrical form and bright, clean foliage. Each bush is one year old and in a GROWING CONDITION when delivered to you.

No matter in what part of the country you live the growers will send the bushes at the proper time to plant in your locality. You can depend upon us to forward them at just the right time for you to place them in the ground.

You will receive the bushes, packed in damp moss, by prepaid parcel post, and we GUARANTEE that they will reach you in perfect condition. If for any reason they do not, or if any of the bushes fail to grow or otherwise prove unsatisfactory, we will replace them for you FREE OF ALL COST. Following are brief descriptions of the different varieties of beautiful ever-blooming rose bushes given you free on this great offer. Please read them and remember to send in your order today.

CREAM OF THE ROSE GARDEN

WHITE—FLORENCE FORRESTER (H. T.)—Clear snow-white. The blooms are even larger than Paul Neyron. Its habit is absolutely perfect, and the freedom with which it flowers is marvelous. We consider this Rose the grandest of all whites for bedding. Is very sweetly perfumed. Gold medal, National Rose Society.

PINK—MISS WILMOT (H. T.)—The most refined and charming Rose ever raised. There is an appealing sweetness about this most distinct variety that will please lovers of Roses all the world over. In shape and form this Rose is a model of perfection, every flower comes perfect and produced with a freedom that is marvelous. A wonderful garden Rose. Gold medal.

YELLOW—SUNBURST—This magnificent giant yellow Rose is a fine forcer; it stands head and shoulders above all others of its color, and ranks with American Beauty and the Killarneys in value and grandeur. Some call the color cadmium-yellow. It is the yellowest of all Roses in the ever-blooming class.

CLIMBING—AMERICAN PILLAR—The flowers are of enormous size 3 to 4 inches across, of a lovely shade of apple-blossom pink, with a clear white eye and cluster of yellow stamens. These flowers are borne in immense bunches. They last in perfection a long time, which are carried late into the winter.

RED—FRANCIS SCOTT KEY (H. T.)—It is very fitting that such a fine new Rose should be honored with the name of the author of the "Star-Spangled Banner." The flowers are from large to very large, with sixty or more petals opening to a high center. The color is a magnificent deep red rose. Grand for the garden.

The plants will be sent you at the proper time to set out in open ground in your locality, and each collection will contain full instructions for planting and care.

These plants are carefully packed in damp moss, wrapped in wax paper and shipped in a box. They are guaranteed to reach you in good growing condition.

OUR OFFER TO YOU

This Complete Collection of 5 hardy one-year-old Rose Bushes, GUARANTEED TO REACH YOU IN GROWING CONDITION, will be sent you Free and Postpaid with a 6-month subscription to either The Saturday Blade or Chicago Ledger at $1.00.

Or you may have two collections (10 rose bushes) for a one-year subscription to either Blade or Ledger at $2.00; or for a 6-month subscription to BOTH Blade and Ledger at $1.50.

Subscriptions may be either new or renewal—for yourself or someone else. We do not usually offer premiums for individual subscriptions, but we consider this more than "a premium," and want to help our big family of subscribers in beautifying their home grounds this spring and summer.

W. D. BOYCE COMPANY
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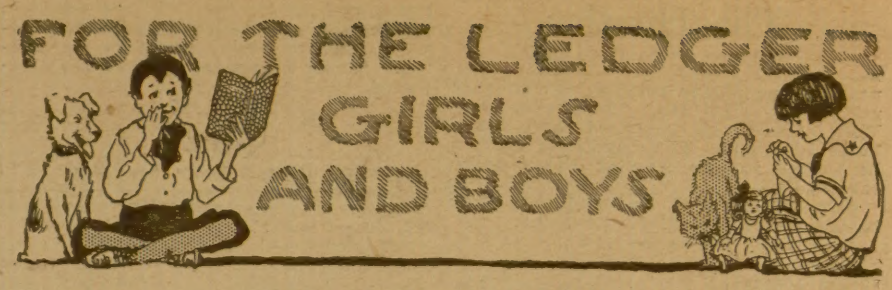

Betty's Luck Stone

"AND so," finished Aunt Dolly, "Prince Charming and the Fairy Princess Florizel were married, and the Fairy Queen gave them a grand wedding in just such a beautiful Fairy Garden as this, on a lovely moonlight night, and they lived happily ever after."

Betty's eyes opened very wide as she looked around. "And is this a really-truly Fairy Garden, Aunt Dolly?"

"Of course, Silly," put in Jack, with his "You can't tell me anything" air, as Aunt Dolly called it. "You know this is called the Fairy's Garden." It had been a lovely day for their picnic, and luncheon over, they were all seated on the grass round Aunt Dolly, who had been telling them how the pretty spot got its name.

"Who's for a game of 'hide,'" cried Billy.

"I am, and I and I, too," chorused Jack, Joan and Helen.

"We'll hide and let Betty find us."

"Sit on that stone," said Jack, "and don't move till you hear me whistle."

Off they ran, Aunt Dolly following. "I'll go and sit in the car," she called after them. Mind, only a half hour and then we must start for home."

So Betty was left alone s'tting on a big stone, and thinking of the story she had just heard.

"How beautiful it must have been. I wish I could see a Fairy Wedding."

"Do you really," said a sweet little voice, and, looking down, she saw a tiny glittering figure with white filmy wings, swaying on a blade of grass.

"Who are you?" she cried in surprise.

"I am the Wish-Fairy," answered the tiny creature. "You are sitting on a wishing-stone, and I am here to grant your wish. Tonight is the wedding of Fairy Prince Happiness to Princess Rosebud, the Flower Queen's daughter. I am here to take you there."

"How I should love to go," cried Betty. "I'm afraid I can't, for Aunt Dolly said we must go home in half an hour."

"That is very easily arranged," said Fairy Wish. "I will just send a star messenger up to the Sun, and tell him not to move until we return." As she spoke, she raised her wand, and a star appeared at the end, and shot off up towards the sky.

"Oh," cried Betty, jumping up with a gasp.

"You'll see stranger things than that," said Fairy Wish. "But come. Are you ready?" She struck the stone Betty had been sitting on with her wand. It opened, and there was a tiny entrance to a beautiful pathway, with walls of lovely flowers on each side.

"I could never get in there," cried Betty ruefully. "I'm too big."

"Look at yourself," said the fairy, and a mirror suddenly appeared before her, and she saw the reflection of a second dainty little figure, wings and all, only her dress did not sparkle like the Fairy's.

"Is that really me?" she cried in surprise.

"It really is," answered the Fairy Wish, smiling. "Now hurry, or we shall be late."

Off she flew, and Betty followed, for she found no difficulty in flying after her.

They entered an immense hall, also brilliantly lighted, and Betty's eyes were quite dazzled. As she got used to it she saw crowds of the tiny sprites.

At one end of the hall was a raised platform of different colored grasses resembling a handsome rug. On this were two mossy green thrones, decorated with tiny lights, that outlined their shapes.

"Here they come," whispered Fairy Wish, as the great doors were thrown open and the company formed two lines down the sides, leaving the center vacant. First came a number of little fairies dressed in gold, with golden wings, then flower-fairies in pink; then fairies in silver with silver wings, and then the bride and groom, the former, of course, all in white, the handsome groom, in white and silver.

As they advanced to the center of the hall they stopped, and a peal of sweet bells rang out, that Betty saw, came from a balcony formed entirely of lilies-of-the-valley. A chorus of sweet bird voices and then two groups of white pigeons flew out, holding in their beaks a wreath of orange blossoms. Hovering over the heads of the couple, the birds dropped the wreaths, one on the bride's neck, and the other on the groom's.

"Now they are married," said Fairy Wish, "and they will be crowned."

Slowly they advanced to the great thrones, while little Cupids strewed flowers in front of them. As they reached the platform, the tiny little lights flew up in the air, and Betty saw they were fireflies. They settled on the heads of the young couple, forming a crown, while the little people sang and cheered. The cheering grew louder and louder—till at last it was quite deafening, and—with a start Betty awoke, to see Aunt Dolly, and the rest all around her.

"You are a fine one," grumbled Jack. "There we were waiting for you to find us and all the time you were fast asleep."

"Oh, was it all a dream?" cried Betty, in a disappointed voice.

"Yes, dear," you have been asleep," said Aunt Dolly, "but you can tell us all about your dream as we go home."

Did You Know?

"WHY have all the pictures and statues of saints those funny rings around their heads?" asked Jack, returning from an art exhibit one day.

"Those funny rings are called halos," explained mother, "and they have come to be associated with saints, much as a crown is thought of in connection with a king. In olden times the statues of the Roman dieties were decorated with a circlet of stars about the head. The Roman Emperors who considered themselves the equal of the gods adopted the same form of decoration. In the early days of Christianity, all such form of decoration was carefully avoided, for in no way was the pagan art to be confused or associated with that of the new church. One day, however, some one conceived the idea of putting broad circular brass plates around the heads of statues which were placed out of doors and subject to the seasonal storms and winds. As time went on the original reason for these brass plates was apparently overlooked, for statues placed indoors were similarly adorned. So it was that when pictures of these statues of the saints were painted the brass plate or halo became a permanent form of decoration, that has lasted until this day, tho few can explain or tell the reason why."

A Penny Collector.

"DO YOU collect pennies, dear?" inquired the visitor of 5-year-old Dorothy.

"Yeth," lisped Dorothy.

"Well, here's one for your collection," said the visitor. "How many have you got now?"

"One," was the reply.

Something to Make Thinkers Think.

Some Curious "Ads."

273—1. What ad is skilful? What ad is attached?
3. What ad will stick tight?
4. What ad is a serpent?
5. What ad lies near?
6. What ad is very hard?
7. What ad is slow music?
8. What ad is an old saying?
9. What ad is connected?
10. What ad gives greater beauty?

Charade.

274—My first permits; my second is salted, smoked and eaten; my third is an English town.

Four-word Square.

275—1. A German monetary unit.
2. A Scottish masculine name.
3. Not usual.
4. A part of a verb meaning to have knowledge.

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES.

270—Additions.

The letter "c." 1. C-at. 2. A-c-t. 3. C-age. For-ce. 5. A-c-rid. 6. C-ore. 7. C-ash. 8. C-ask. 9. C-art. 10. C-rush.

271—Riddle-me-ree.

Balboa.

272—Zigzag.

Little Rock. Montgomery. Crosswords: 1. LoaM. 2. riOt. 3. aNTs. 4. TafT. 5. oGLe. 6. peOn. 7. ReaM. 8. pOEt. 9. aRCs. 10. YolK.

It is not desired that readers send in the answers to the puzzles. They are offered simply as brain teasers, and the correct answers will be printed the following week.

CLASSIFIED WANT ADS

Information-- The rate for one insertion in The Saturday Blade and one insertion in the Chicago Ledger is 35 cents a word, minimum 14 words, less 3% for cash. Each initial and group of figures is counted as a word, and the name and address are also counted. This is the minimum rate; neither more nor less is charged, irrespective of size or number of insertions. An ad may appear in both publications of the same week, or in the Blade of one week and the Ledger of the next.

W. D. BOYCE CO., Publisher, 500-514 N. Dearborn St., CHICAGO.

SALESMEN WANTED

EASY TO SELL GROCERIES, PAINTS, AUtomobile oils, roofing, stock food to consumers from samples; no capital or experience necessary. Steady, profitable work. Commissions advanced. Satisfaction guaranteed; 50 years in business. Write for full particulars. Loverin & Browne Co., Wholesale Grocers, 1759 So. State St., Chicago, Ill.

SIDE LINE SALESMAN WANTED TO SELL coal to your trade in carload lots. Earn a week's pay in an hour. For particulars write, Washington Coal Co., 3501 So. Racine, Chicago.

AGENTS WANTED

AGENTS—$15 A DAY—EASY, QUICK SALES —Free auto—big weekly bonus—$1.75 premium free to every customer. Simply show our beautiful, 7-piece, solid aluminum handle cutlery set. Appeals instantly. We deliver and collect. Pay daily. New Era Mfg. Co., 803 Madison St., Dept. 23 A, Chicago.

AGENTS $8 A DAY. TAKE ORDERS FOR Blue Ribbon cutlery set. Stainless steel. Aluminum handle. Guaranteed. We deliver and collect. Pay you daily. Big demand. Easy to take orders. No capital needed. Write for sample outfit. Parker Mfg. Co., 309 Awl St., Dayton, Ohio.

SELL MINITMEND FOR TIRES AND tubes; cost 2c repair; surpasses vulcanizing; save 500 per cent; every auto and accessory dealer buys; profits amazing; Shaw made $21 first day; Hart $155 first week. Particulars and free sample. Colonial Rubber Co., Desk 40, Philadelphia.

STARTLING AGENTS PROPOSITION—$100 weekly selling Rolly's Washday Wonder, new chemical dirt solvent; harmless; cleans without rubbing. Enormous profits. Repeat orders assured. Experience unnecessary. Territory going fast. Samples free. Rolly Chemical Co., C-1, Hastings, Nebraska.

WE PAY $50 A WEEK TAKING ORDERS for Insyde Tyres, inner armor for automobile tires. Guaranteed to give double tire mileage. Any tire. Prevents punctures and blowouts. Big demand. Low priced. Write quick for territory. American Accessories Co., B 313, Cincinnati, Ohio.

AGENTS—NEW INVENTION. HARPER'S Ten-Use brush set and fibre broom. It sweeps, washes and dries upstairs windows, scrubs and mops floors and does 5 other things. Big profits; easy seller. Free trial offer. Harper Brush Works, Dept. B, Fairfield, Iowa.

BIG PROFITS SELL HANDSOME WIND- shield wings, mirrors, spot lights, guaranteed tires, tubes, etc. Prices that win. Car owners, dealers buy one to gross. Write for booklet and sensational agency prices. Rapid Sales Corporation, 22-D, Grand Rapids, Mich.

AGENTS — BIG MONEY — FAST SALES. Transfer initials on autos, etc. Charge $1.50 and make $1.38 on each sale. No experience; no license. 10 sales a day easily. Write for samples. Newark Monogram Co., Dept. 4, 568 Broad St., Newark, N. J.

AGENTS TO EARN BIG PROFITS WITH our quick-selling non-alcoholic extracts, toilet articles and household necessities. Open territory. No money required. We trust you. Hurry! Write today. Dept. 134, The Linro Co., St. Louis, Mo.

BIG MONEY AND FAST SALES. EVERY owner buys gold initials for his auto. You charge $1.50, make $1.35. Ten orders daily easy. Write for particulars and free samples. American Monogram Co., Dept. 104, East Orange, N. J.

SALESMEN, AGENTS, TAKE ORDERS FOR X-L suits, $19.50 and $24.50; WearWell pants, $4.50; rainproof coats, $5.00 to $18.50. Biggest line, newest fabrics, lowest prices. Write today. McGinnis-the-Maker, Parkersburg, West Virginia.

AGENCY MANAGERS WANTED — NO CAN- vassing; we furnish advertising and material; big profits; no experience necessary. Send $1.00 for complete plans; dollar refunded. Sales Service Bureau, Box 80, Centralia, Illinois.

AGENTS—COST $5, YOUR PROFIT $103.75, transferring monograms on autos, trunks, bags, furniture, etc.; no experience, no license. Write for free samples. World Monogram Co., Dept. 17, 244 Market street, Newark, N. J.

SALES AGENTS. ESTABLISH BIG PAYING year round business. Newest hosiery. Written guarantee. New hose free if unsatisfactory. Write for samples. Jennings Mfg. Co., Dept. 515, Dayton, Ohio.

GUARANTEED HOSIERY, LOWEST PRICES, manufacturer's complete line direct to wearer. Samples without charge. We deliver. Part time acceptable. Joseph Bros., 339-P Broadway, New York City.

LARGE SHIRT MANUFACTURER WANTS agents to sell complete line of shirts direct to wearer. Exclusive patterns. Big values. Free samples. Madison Mills, 503 Broadway, New York.

350% PROFIT; SHOE AND LEATHER goods treatment. "Leather Life" crew managers' harvest. Sample 25c. Write for territory with particulars. McRorys, Corinth, N. Y.

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AGENTS MAKE SIXTY DOLLARS PER week selling new Sallie May "Dressup" aprons. Write and learn how to obtain samples without cost. Tuxedo Apron Company, 47 Austin St., Rochester, N. Y.

AGENTS—MAKE A DOLLAR AN HOUR. Sell Mendets, a patent patch for instantly mending leaks in all utensils. Sample package free. Collette Mfg. Co., Dept. 707-C, Amsterdam, N. Y.

MEN'S SHIRTS. EASY TO SELL. BIG DE- mand everywhere. Make $15.00 daily. Undersell stores. Complete line. Free samples to workers. Chicago Shirt Co., 9 So. Clinton, Factory 200, Chicago.

EASY MONEY SELLING TO COLORED people. Write for our attractive proposition. Marcellene Chemical Company, 820 Main, Richmond, Va.

AGENTS—NEW PATENTED CURTAIN ROD, necessity in every home; big profit; 4 to 10 sales at every house. Write for free sample. Home Curtain Rod Co., Providence, R. I.

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$50,000 "PROFITS IN PORTRAITS" EX- plains in free circular, 24 hour service prints, portraits, frames. Samples free. Picture Man Friedman, Dept. 1, 127 N. Dearborn, Chicago.

AGENTS MAKE MONEY SELLING BEAU- tiful new shoes; exclusive territory open. Turk Bros., Tulsa, Oklahoma.

AGENTS—OUR SOAP AND TOILET AR- ticle plan is a wonder. Get our free sample case offer. Ho-Ro-Co., 125 Locust, St. Louis.

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HELP WANTED

EARN $10 DAILY SILVERING MIRRORS, plating and refinishing metalware, autos, chandeliers, bedsteads. Outfits furnished. Y. Decie Laboratories, 256 Fifth avenue, New York.

WANTED—MEN-BOYS OVER 17. BECOME railway mail clerks. Commence $133 month. Common education sufficient. List positions free. Write immediately. Franklin Institute, Dept. E 26, Rochester, N. Y.

$50.00 WEEKLY DURING LEISURE HOURS —Mail order business booklet explaining different plans free. Ribot Bros., 6011 Prairie Ave., Chicago, Ill.

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MEN-BOYS! WORLD'S BEST DETECTIVE course, 25 lessons $3. Mannings Institute, B-76, Tappahannock, Va.

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EARN $110 TO $250 MONTHLY, expenses paid, as railway traffic inspector. Position guaranteed after 3 months' spare-time study or money refunded. Excellent opportunities. Write for free booklet, CM-12, Stand. Business Training Inst., Buffalo, N. Y.

BE A DETECTIVE, EXCELLENT OPPOR- tunity to earn big money, travel, thousands of dollars offered in rewards, established 1909, particulars free. Write to C. T. Ludwig, 320 Westover Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

FIREMEN, BRAKEMEN, FOR RAILROADS nearest their homes—everywhere—beginners $150, later $250. Railway Association, Brooklyn, N. Y.

BECOME AUTOMOBILE EXPERTS. HUN- dreds vacancies. $45 week. Learn while earning. Write Franklin Institute, Dept. B 404, Rochester, N. Y.

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MEN WANTED FOR U. S. MAIL SERVICE. $115 to $190; experience not required; correspondence course unnecessary. Write E. S. Bishop, Box 391, Joplin, Mo.

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DETECTIVES EARN BIG MONEY. GREAT demand everywhere. Experience unnecessary. Write, American Detective System, 1968 Broadway, New York.

ALL MEN, WOMEN, BOYS, GIRLS, OVER 17, willing to accept Government positions, $135, write Mr. Ozment, 106, St. Louis.

RAILWAY MAIL CLERKS WANTED. $135 month. Particulars free. Franklin Institute, Dept. E 6, Rochester, N. Y.

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MEN—FIVE YEARS AGO WE PERFECTED a simple electrically heated device for the relief of sciatica, bladder trouble, disturbed slumber and prostate gland trouble. Today it is permanently relieving nine out of ten who buy it. Maybe it will relieve you. If it doesn't we will return your money. Don't jump at conclusions. Ask for free descriptive book. Address The Electro Thermal Company, 7130 Main St., Steubenville, Ohio.

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POOR MAN'S CHANCE, $5 DOWN, $5 monthly, buys 40 acres productive land near town. Price $225. Box 425-S, Carthage, Missouri.

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HOMESPUN SMOKING TOBACCO—5 LBS., $1.00; 10 lbs., $1.75; 20 lbs., $3.50. Farmers Union, Mayfield, Ky.

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PATENTS-TRADEMARKS. BEFORE DIS- closing an invention, the inventor should write for my blank form, "Evidence of Conception." This should be signed, witnessed and returned to me with sketch or model upon receipt of which I will promptly render opinion as to patentable nature and send booklet on patents. Highest references. Prompt attention. Reasonable terms. Clarence T. O'Brien, Registered Patent Lawyer, Southern Building, Washington, D. C.

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INVENTORS DESIRING TO SECURE PAT- ents should write for our guide book, "How to Get Your Patent." Send model or sketch and description for our opinion on its patentable nature. Randolph Co., Dept. 174, Washington, D. C.

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FILMS DEVELOPED, 5C ROLL, PRINTS 3c each. Reliable Studio, Station D, Cincinnati, Ohio.

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SONGWRITERS! LEARN OF THE PUB- lic's demand for songs suitable for dancing and the opportunities greatly changed conditions offer new writers, obtainable only in our "Songwriters Manual & Guide," sent free. Submit your ideas for songs at once for free criticism and advice. We revise poems, compose music, secure copyright and facilitate publication or outright sale of songs. Knickerbocker Studios, 306 Gaiety Bldg., New York.

SONGS AND POEMS WANTED. WE COM- pose music, publish, sell and pay you five cents royalty on every copy sold. Melody Publishing Corp., Dept. A, Root Building, Buffalo, N. Y.

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IDEAS FOR MOVING PICTURE PLAYS wanted by producers. Big prices paid for accepted material. Submit ideas at once in any form for immediate examination, or write for interesting free photoplay booklet explaining service. Bristol Photoplay Studios, Suite 602-C, Bristol Building, New York.

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WOULD YOU MARRY PRETTY WIDOW worth $100,000? Enclose 10c for full information. Box 251, Lewisburg, Pa.

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CATHOLICS, WISHING TO MARRY, BOOK- let free. Address Home Club, L-Box 23, Grand Rapids, Mich.

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HAVE TRUE FRIENDS EVERYWHERE, receive letters, postcards, pictures, trial 10c. Evergreen Magazine, Reynoldsville, Pa.

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A Complexion Treatment That Really Does Clear the Skin

The Dorothy Ray Treatment *really* does clear the skin. Consider that word "really." It stands for *contrast*—the difference which has amazed and delighted thousands of women. It is not unusual for users of the Dorothy Ray treatment to tell of wonderful success after *years* of fruitless trying with other methods. This success is due to the really scientific *principles* of the Dorothy Ray treatment—a formula which is an *affinity* for skin impurities. Plainly stated the Dorothy Ray Treatment acts instantly to *combine* with skin impurities and actually dissolve them out of the pores. A treatment takes *only five minutes.* Improvement is noticeable *at once* and complete results usually come in from *three to twenty days.*

A Beautiful Complexion or Don't Pay

We believe *thoroughly* that the Dorothy Ray Treatment will give *you* a clear, velvety, rosy complexion, freed from facial pimples, blackheads, whiteheads, coarse pores, blotches, sallowness, oily skin, etc. Therefore we ask you to try the treatment at our *risk*. If it does not do everything *you* expect, you will not be out a single penny, you to be the *sole judge of results!*

What the Treatment Is

The Dorothy Ray Treatment is a secret formula. No one else can offer you the same treatment because the treatment *defies analysis.* Do not be misled by glowing descriptions of treatments which are similar in general characteristics but which fail because they are not *affinities* for skin impurities. Several of the elements in the Dorothy Ray treatment *combine* in its preparation and it is this fact which has so far made analysis impossible. There is only one *genuine!*

What It Is NOT

The Dorothy Ray Treatment is *not* a medicated clay or mud or anything else of a messy nature. It does not "draw" or "poultice." It is not an ointment, plaster, bandage, mask, vapor, salve, soap, spray, roller, massage, vibrator or any other implement. It is not dieting, fasting or a course of "instruction." It is not something to take. It is not a physical culture "stunt," not a system of internal bathing. It does not require that you alter your habits or interfere with the regular routine of your life in any way. It is not *any* of the things you may already have tried—without success. In short, the Dorothy Ray treatment is unique. It stands alone, employs a different *principle*—and *succeeds!*

Positively Will Not Injure the Skin

An important point! The Dorothy Ray Treatment positively cannot injure the most sensitive skin. If your complexion is so delicate that even the mildest soap gives trouble, the Dorothy Ray Treatment will give your face a velvety, smooth delightful "feel" such as you have never known before. If your skin is oily, the treatment will remove every trace of excess oil, but without a drying effect. If your skin is dry and rough the treatment will overcome the roughness and leave the complexion smooth as satin. You may wonder how two such directly opposite results can be accomplished by the same treatment, but the reason is simple. The free booklet you are asked to send for explains in detail. Pimples are relieved in a new way. The angry red around the head of the pimple will seem to fade and the pimple point to vanish. We can point to cases where a whole cluster of ugly pimples has been cleared away inside of ten days. Lesser troubles, such as roughness, coarse pores, blackheads, etc. are relieved with even less effort. And as to these statements, *always remember that you may test them at our expense.*

Requires Only 5 Minutes, Results in 3 to 20 Days

You are aware that many old fashioned methods not only fail of results but require much time. A half hour to an hour is required for such methods as steaming, massage, mud and clay plasters, etc. If you are a busy woman you simply haven't the time for such treatments—especially in the morning. On the contrary, you can easily give the necessary five minutes to complete the Dorothy Ray treatment. Nor do you have to fuss with hot towels, various creams, finishing processes, etc. There is nothing to discourage your use of the Dorothy Ray Treatment for the required period. And three to ten days is usually enough. Some stubborn cases may take longer, but the treatment is so simple and easy you will not mind the little extra time!

Delightful to Use

It is a fact! Women *enjoy* using the Dorothy Ray Treatment. It is a dainty, refreshing process which is altogether free of messiness. There is nothing to prepare beforehand, nothing to clean up afterwards. You can even dress your hair and complete your toilette *before* the treatment as well as after. Your hair will not be soiled by a greasy film nor in any way disturbed. This feature must appeal to you as most desirable when you compare the cleanly daintiness of the Dorothy Ray Treatment with creams, massage, mud plasters, etc. And in addition there is the greater certainty of just the results you desire—the certainty so great that we do not hesitate to offer you the proofs without risk to you.

Send For Free Booklet

Write for Free Booklet "The Complexion Beautiful." It will tell you in detail just why and how the Dorothy Ray Treatment differs from every other complexion method in the world. It will give you information about your skin and its care which may prove more valuable than anything you ever read before. The woman doesn't live who can read this booklet without interest and profit. It is helpful even to those with good complexions. This information is all free, of course. So don't hesitate. It will be a pleasure to send the booklet and its receipt may mean a great happiness to you.

DOROTHY RAY

646 N. Michigan Boulevard, Suite 75, Chicago, Ill.

READ THESE LETTERS

Treatment Worked Wonders

Your treatment has surely worked wonders with me. I have not as yet used the whole treatment. Each time I use it my skin is softer and prettier than the last time.

I thank you a thousand times. I owe my success to you.

Miss Margaret S., Salt Lake City, U.

Did Just As Claimed

Your treatment certainly did just what you claim it to do. I want to recommend your grand treatment to those who have a poor complexion. It certainly proved beneficial to me.

Miss Mary V., Donora, Pa.

Many Orders This Way

I noticed how your wonderful complexion treatment helped a friend of mine by the name of L——— and I feel as if it should be able to do the same for me. Enclosed find money for two treatments, as there is also another man who wishes to try it.

Mr. Thomas V. F., Camp Bragg, N. C.

Splendid Results In Short Time

After using your skin treatment for three weeks, I have secured very good results. Had been troubled with coarse pores, oily skin and black heads.

Mrs. W. C. H., Galesburg, Mich.

Removed All Pimples

Your treatment removed all my pimples and is changing my complexion.

Mr. Frank C., New Orleans, La.

Will Always Recommend It

Just a line telling you how my face is improving since I started using your treatment. I am very pleased with it and will always speak a good word for your wonderful treatment. Thanking you, I am,

Miss Edna H., Elkhorn, Mont.

Wants It For Beauty Parlor

I am opening a beauty parlor in a nearby town and, having used your complexion treatment myself with good results, I wish to use it in my shop work.

Mrs. Ethel M., Modesto, Calif.

A Friend Told Her

Please send me your Complexion Treatment. Enclosed find order. Have heard of this from a friend.

Mrs. Elaine K., Seattle, Wash.

Thankful For A Clear Skin

I want to thank you greatly for what you have done for me in sending me your treatment. My skin is cleared now and I certainly thank you.

Miss Hazel F., Osceola, Wis.

Blackheads All Gone

I have been using your treatment for about three weeks and got rid of all my blackheads.

Miss Mary C., Minneapolis, Minn.

Doing Wonders For Her

Just a line to let you know that I have been using your treatment and it is doing wonders for my face.

Bertha G., Holyoke, Mass.

MAIL THE COUPON TODAY

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Suite 75, Chicago, Illinois.

Free and without obligation send me your booklet "Complexion Beautiful" telling of your scientific harmless method of cleaning and beautifying the complexion.

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